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"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue, by D R Locke

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING THE HERO OF THESE PAGES AT AN EARLY PERIOD OF HIS LIFE.

T was 11 o'clock at night, in one of the vast wildernesses that covered Northwestern Ohio fifty or sixty years ago. It was in November, the most dreary of all the months in that country—a month when the cold rains fall and are never weary, when Nature is in its most sullen temper, as though sensible that it had made a failure of spring and summer, and it was therefore anxious to wreak its vengeance upon the country by continuing in an ugly mood. The air was cold—so cold that the rain which was falling had changed its mind after leaving the clouds where it was born, and struck the earth in little pellets, just light enough to be carried on the wind, and just heavy enough to cut and bruise like bird-shot. The wind, charged with these missiles, was as fierce and as ugly as the rain, and the stinging little particles, too hard for snow and too insignificant for hail, were as disagreeable to unsheltered man and beast as anything could be. They cut like knives, and whoever was exposed to them felt that he was storming a hidden battery, the defenders of which were shooting showers of mitrailleuses.

The roads were long streaks of mud, half earth and half water, beaten together into a sticky mass, too thick for a boat to float in, and too thin to support the hoofs of a horse. It was a stagger, not a walk nor a trot, for the poor beasts condemned to travel these roads. Their advance was a series of lurches, of sinkings and recoveries; and slow indeed was the progress possible to be made.

On either side of the long line of inky blackness that marked the open way for the traveler were immense trees—black walnut, oak, ash and hickory—set as closely as was possible, compatible with growth and life, their branches interlacing and forming a canopy which held the wet when it was rainy, and kept out the sun when the sky was clear; and all the time sending up clouds of malaria. There was a shake of ague in every drop of the vegetable-impregnated water under foot, and another in every breath of the malaria-laden air above.

The soil was, as a rule, a rich black mould, five to ten feet deep, soft from being so long covered with water; and the land was so level that the falling of a tree centuries ago across a run or creek dammed it, making a swamp of what had once been fair land, and which would be again when the hardy settler, armed with his axe and sustained by quinine, should come and search out the original course of the stream, and by clearing it out, permit the water to flow through its natural channel to seek the river and thence the lake. The fight of the first settlers was with the water. Once liberate the soil from its domination, control that one element, and there was no end to the wealth which it had hidden.

Famous fields of corn these swamps made years after, but at that time one would have hardly given the parings of his distressed horse's hoofs for the whole country. Men do not unusually look under the surface, either in land or in other men; but where one does, he has the secret of success in life. One Merriweather, a wealthy farmer of this region, years after the date referred to in this chapter, in reply to a question why he did not remove to the city, made this answer, as he took a fresh pinch from his mammoth tobacco box:

"You kin talk of makin' money in the cities, and by merchandizin', and the perfessions, an' sich; but I am satisfied right here. D'ye see this land?"

He waved his hand to the four points of the compass, and if your eye followed the sweep thereof, it did certainly rest upon a beautiful sight. There were long stretches level land, covered with Indian corn; a sea of greenery, which the gentle August wind tossed in its loving embrace as if in play. The tasseled heads bowed to its influence and raised again, and bowed and raised, like a lake kissed by the winds, and undulating as if every stalk was endowed with life, and joyous life, too.

"Wal, old Gregory, in Canandaigua, York state, owned this land, a thousand acres uv it; and he took it uv the government at $1.25 an acre, and held it ten years, and one year he came out to see it. It wuz in August, a drouthy yeer, for we hedn't hed a drop of uv rain for a munth or two. I wuz hostler in Pulaski, and I druv the old man out to see his land. Ho! ho! It wuz three feet under water, every foot uv it, and a perthicler nasty kind uv water it wuz—all green and scummy like, and as discurridgin' a lookin' place ez you good find in a day's journey. He looked at it, Gregory did, for a minnit, and remarked, 'D—n!'

"'Why, Merriweather,' sed he, 'I woodn't give ten cents for the whole thousand acres!'

"'Square,' I remarked, 'that is good land. All it wants is drainin', and time'n', and fixin' up, and it'll grow the biggest corn yoo ever saw. It's good sile.'

"'Possibly it is when yoo git down to it,' he sed, spitefully. 'Merriweather, I'd like to sell it fer w'ut I give fer it.'

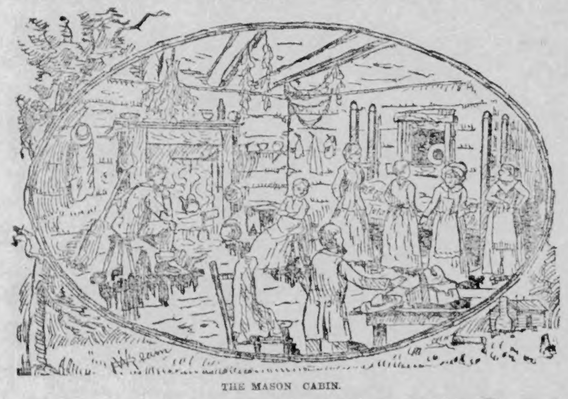
"'Squire,' said I, 'will yoo give me the refusle uv it for $1.25 an acre, and give me three yeers to pay for it, if I pay interest on it?'

"'Indeed I will,' said he, 'and glad to git rid uv it. But don't do it; you are a likely feller, and I don't want to rooin yoo.'

"The upshot uv it wuz, I got a contrack out uv him, and on that contrack I got a man in Pulaski to lend me munny enuff to buy a team, and hire a man or two, and buy grub for the winter. I found the water course, and cleared it out, and cut a ditch strate three hull, and the next spring I plowed it, and put it into corn. And that winter I sold corn enuff off uv it to pay for the team, the ditchin', and the land, and hed sumthin' hansum over. 'Square, yoo cooden't buy that land to-dny for a hundred dollars an acre. Old Gregory wuz out last year to see it, and he swore like a prut about it. Success in life, 'Squire, means gumption enuff to know where the water-courses ought to be, and how to find em, and pluck enuff to do it. That's how I got this farm. It was a big thing for a hostler in Pulaski!"

It was a horribly disagreeable night; at least so thought old Doctor Rawson, as he plunged along the road leading north from Pulaski out into the country on this eventful night. He was on horseback, wrapped in a cloak voluminous enough to cover the saddle-bags behind him, and dropping to his feet, which was protection enough for all of his person but his face. He glanced regretfully at the animal he bestrode with the natural feeling a country doctor always has for his horse, because he did not have a cloak to cover him also.

It was a doleful and dismal ride, though such rides were nothing new to a man grown doleful and dismal years since, nor yet to his doleful and dismal horse, which had long since learned that he belonged to a country physician, and that his lot must necessarily be doleful and dismal.



THE MASON CABIN.

The good doctor had come into that locality years before, and his horse had been ridden through these swamps for half that time. He had traversed the country when there were no roads at all; and, bad as it was, it was infinitely better than those he had Samaritanized over during his early years of practice.

"Drat the weather!" ejaculated the old man, as an unusually fierce gust of wind drove the shower of sleet with more than expected force into his weather-beaten face. "Drat the weather, drat the mud, and ——"

His soliloquy came to a sudden ending, for just then his horse, blinded as he was by the storm, struck a miniature lake deeper than his philosophical head had calculated upon, and in his floundering to get out fastened the poor man's legs in the sticky mass and nearly dismounted him.

"Drat the hoss! Git up and git out of this!" exclaimed the doctor, as the beast waded out and stood once more on comparatively solid ground. The animal stood still, as if puzzled which way to turn.

"Drat ye! Don't ye know where to go? Hevn't ye bin along this road enough times to know every hole in it?"

Those words dazed, but not confounded. He merely took an observation, as a mariner might at sea—indeed, a doctor's horse in that country ought to be considered partly a sailor—and, determining upon his route, started off on as good a pace as the ground would admit. But the doctor's grumbling did not end with the exertion of the hoss from the slough, or his starting off in the right direction. He had got started upon a grumble, and it did him good to keep on.

"Drat the old woman Mason! Why couldn't she have sent for me at a decent time of day, or in decent weather? There ought to be a law agin wimmen havin' children bo-ween September and April, in this ghastly country—that is, old wimmen; the young ones don't know any better—and why couldn't she have sent for Ballard, the beastly quack! Old man Mason don't pay nothin', no how; what did they want to send for me for? Sich people don't deserve a regler doctor! They ought to be kep for fortunities, and elections, and homicopaths, and very young students, to practice upon. Ten to one if old Mason don't borrer a dollar of me afore I get out of the house!

"To go out sich a night as this," he continued, "through this infernal swamp, and o sich a patient, and ten to one——Whoa, Jim, what are you about?"

Jim had plunged into another slough, which he waded out of as best he could.

"Bless the hoss, I shouldn't get into a temper with him! He is having it worse than I am! Ten to one I shall have to give old woman Mason quinine and whisky to keep her up, with quinine worth four dollars and a half an ounce, and Buber, the druggist, sending notices to me that hereafter quinine is to be cash, and I with less'n half an ounce in my saddlebags! I wish that I could put within reach of quinine that would do these people—suthin indigenous, that I could go out and dig; suthin that grows right here, that I could bile up and give them a quart, and that didn't cost nuthin! It's awful, to hev to give these people cash drugs, and then charge it, and finally hev to take it out in truck, if I get anything at all. Why wuzn't I bred a shoemaker? And they ain't content with an ordinary dose. You hev to give 'em enough quinine to make their heads buzz like a sawmill, or else they think they ain't got enough, and that you don't know your bizness! And they want quinine for everything. Ef a man runs his blasted leg through a thrashin' machine, he wants a dose of calomel at night and quinine in the morning—and quinine four dollars and a half an ounce! Thank heaven, calomel is cheap, or I should have starved long ago! I'll give old woman Mason so much calomel tonight that she won't be able to take any quinine in the morning, and save suthin' in that way.

"And they've got to usin' quinine to make the hair grow, just to have an excuse to put up the price again! What's the use uv a woman havin' hair on her hed, ef she ain't got no liver? Since this noshin that quinine is good for the hair got around, there ain't no controllin' uv 'em. The quinine powders I left for Mrs. Parkins she put onto her hair, and in consekence I had to come agin. I hev too much practice! Ef another doctor, and a rich one, don't come and divide the bizniz, I shel perish uv debt. Ef one uv my pashents should pay once in a while, I cood git on; but there ain't no collectin' nuthin till they are ded, and they don't die in this country! They hev fearful consitootioshens, and when they die, their estates don't pan out nuthin'. I get 'em, though, on the last illness. Ef the expenses of the last illness wuza't a preferred debt, I shood hev to hev left long ago. And half the time the widder comes sniffin' and cryin', and gets me, like an old fool, to waive my claim, and then where am I? I can't refooze a sniffin' widder with a lot of tow-headed brats. I wish to God I wuz a mean man, or had the repootashen uv bein' one! But, drat 'em, they all know me, and get the better uv me!"

Fortunately for the Doctor's peace of mind, a dim light was finally discernible in the distance, which the horse observed with all his rider's pleasure; and, animated by the prospect of oats and shelter, he pricked up his ears and started off with as much of a trot as his years, his many and oft infirmities, and the state of the road, permitted.

A few minutes brought the doctor to the door of a log cabin of one room, standing alone in a clearing in the forest, without even the adornment of a rail fence around it. It was a dismal, dreary place, and not even respectable for its class. The "chinking" of mud was out between the logs, the chimney had succumbed to the blasts of the repeated winters it had endured, and pools of half-frozen water were thick about the door. It was a laziness built of logs; it was unthrift patched, and carelessness with broken windows in it.

While the doctor was knocking for admittance, there came from within that piteous wail that always accompanies the entrance of a soul into this world. Such a wail is appropriate in most cases, for when the great What-is-to-be is balanced up, the ills of life are so much greater than the pleasures, that, could the new comers know what is before them, and realize the nature of the sea they are to encounter, they would all desire to die at the beginning. But a wail from a new-born child in that cabin was especially appropriate. It was very proper to commence life in that country with a wail. It was prophetic instinct, a seeming foreknowledge of what it was to go through.

"Drat the woman!" exclaimed the Doctor to himself in final soliloquy (doctors in the country get into the habit of soliloquizing on their long and lonely rides); "Drat the woman! I have ridden twelve long miles through the infernal sleet and mud, and jest ruined Jim, to take keer of her and here she's gone and had her baby afore I got here! This is a cold and unfeelin' world!"

And, offended that the youngster had come into the world without his help, as though the poor mother could set the course of nature and fix the movements to the pace of his horse, he entered the house.

If the dwelling was rough and uninviting outside, it was no better within. It was a miserable apology for a habitation for human beings. The floor was made of logs hewed into something like smoothness; the walls were innocent of plaster, and not even covered with old newspapers. No newspapers ever made their appearance in that house, for its proprietor would have sooner have cut his right hand off than to have expended money on newspapers while whisky was 30 cents a gallon. The windows lacked glass in half the panes, the vacancies being supplied by wads of rags stuffed in them.

Furniture, there was none, or next to none. A rough pine table in the centre of the single room, a few stools and one very cheap rocker, some few shelves, and beds on the floor in the corners of the room, one only rejoicing in a bedstead—this is a correct inventory of the "furnings" of the occupants of the wretched cabin.

The place was dirty and squalid. At one side of the room was the bed supported by a bedstead, a piece of furniture in excellent keeping with its surroundings; and around it stood the regular complement of women who are always present on such occasions—hard-featured and middle-aged, every one; and by the open fire-place, in which a fire sullenly blazed, or rather smoked and smouldered, for the logs were green as a matter of course—nothing could be comfortable in that cabin—sat a hard-featured, middle-aged man. He was smoking a short clay pipe, moodily and sullenly looking into the fire, and apparently brooding over something. It could not be that he was considering the additional burden he had brought upon himself in the person of the new-born baby, for his children had never been burdens to him. They were very like the animals in the forest about them; they came into the world, they subsisted as best they could till they were old enough to care for themselves, and then they cared for themselves. Certainly Seth Mason could not have been contemplating on that subject. A good dozen had come to him, and as eleven had never worried him, why should the twelfth?

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And then it was an excuse for that other delight of the women of this class. They were able, without rebuke, to stay as long as they chose, and to gossip as long as they stayed. What did they talk about? Did a dozen middle-aged women ever get together that they did not find something to talk about? Were there not weddings in prospect? Was it not rumored that Jennie Smith had jilted Sam Brown? Had not Simon Thompson gone to drinking because Susan Elwood had thrown him over? Was not Mrs. Bromley terribly disappointed at her failure to catch young Smithson, the dry goods clerk at Pulaski? I wish that I could tell them this beside, again that would do these people—suthin indigenous, that I could go out and dig; suthin that grows right here, that I could bile up and give them a quart, and that didn't cost nuthin! It's awful, to hev to give these people cash drugs, and then charge it, and finally hev to take it out in truck, if I get anything at all. Why wuzn't I bred a shoemaker? And they ain't content with an ordinary dose. You hev to give 'em enough quinine to make their heads buzz like a sawmill, or else they think they ain't got enough, and that you don't know your bizness! And they want quinine for everything. Ef a man runs his blasted leg through a thrashin' machine, he wants a dose of calomel at night and quinine in the morning—and quinine four dollars and a half an ounce! Thank heaven, calomel is cheap, or I should have starved long ago! I'll give old woman Mason so much calomel tonight that she won't be able to take any quinine in the morning, and save suthin' in that way.

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And be it recorded that in all this conversation, this smoothly flowing stream of gossip, not a word of good was said of anybody. It was the evil side that was always turned out to the gaze—they dwelt only on what had happened that was wicked. And why not? These poor things had never known anything good to happen to themselves. Why, it was something of a relief to know that other people were having their troubles. The well-to-do, those who came into the world wrapped in cotton wool and are first fed out of a silver spoon, can afford to be kindly. But those born on the floor and reared in cabins see so little of the good in life that they take comfort in knowing that others have miseries as well as themselves.

To complete the picture, in the bed lay a hard-featured, middle-aged woman, wan and pale, with a pinched face, and in her arms a new-born babe, whose own features pitifully mocked those of the woman who held him.

"It's a fine boy, doctor," observed one of the women, "and the very image of its father!"

This would have been true had the baby been born with a red nose, bleared eyes and a grizzly beard. Happy is our race that it takes for its model in reproduction the first and better, not the worse and latter part of our lives, and gives every baby a fresh start.

"Hi'm! All babies are nice babies to their mothers, and to the women who help, till they get out of ear-shot of their mothers," growled Doctor Rawson, as he approached the bedside, "and I never knew one who wasn't the exact picter of his father. Yer old enough and familiar enough with babies to be somewhat more original in yer remarks concernin' 'em."

Just then the baby, as though he resented being made the subject of the conversation, uttered a prolonged howl.

"Howl away, my fine feller!" said the doctor, whose cynicism was kindly, after all, looking at it grimly, "howl away! You can't commence howlin' too soon, born as you are in this cheerful country. Howl away! You may have a happy life, but the chances are agin you. You don't know how much quinine you have got to take, and what you are to go through with, or you'd quit at the beginning. But you won't! You'll grow up like your father, or you may possibly—though Heaven protect you from that—be a doctor, and have to ride out twelve miles on sich nights as this to see brats born, without the remotest chance of gettin' a cent for your work, and always to people who don't need a doctor more'n my hoss two tails. Howl on! You'll keep it up a good while yet, if yer born with any sensibility!"

Then come the usual questions and answers, whereupon the doctor took out of his saddle-bags divers and sundry soids and liquids, growling as he made up the orders and potions, for they cost him good money. He gave directions for the morrow, and with a prolonged growl into which he threw his whole soul, mounted his halfted horse, with the oats still dropping from his mouth, which had been brought to the door by a shock-headed youth, brother to the latest arrival; and then rode away into the night, muttering as he went.

The silent man at the fire was Seth Mason, the woman in the bed was Hannah Maria Mason, his wife, and the speck of humanity in her arms was destined to be named Caleb Mason. His career these pages will detail.

An inauspicious beginning? True, but who knows from the beginning what the ending is to be? Flowers spring from dunghills, and have sweet odors and beautiful colors. Very great men have been started as badly as our hero, as well as the great rabble who never achieved greatness.

Good or bad, in such a house, and in such weather and under such circumstances, was our hero ushered into this vain world—this world which promises so much and performs so little; this world which has trouble at the beginning, worry in the middle, and disappointment at the end. There he was born, and there, also, our story

CHAPTER II.

OUR HERO STARTS IN SCHOOL.

PROBABLY no young baby was ever brought into the world whose start in life was more inauspicious than that of our hero. The mother in whose arms he was lying was an ignorant, coarse woman, whose life had always been one of hard work, varied by the most brutal treatment; and his father was a whisky-drinking, lazy, shiftless man, who never worked when he could help it, and who made it a more than religious duty to spend whatever money he earned in whisky. A more than religious duty, for men sometimes do dodge a religious duty, but he never did this. The care of the children depended entirely upon the mother, and very little they got of it. There were so many of them that she had not time enough to go around.

It was she who planted what corn they raised, and she hoed it, cut it, husked it, took it to the mill, brought the meal back again, and baked it in the ashes for the sustenance of herself and the brood dependent on her. She was compelled to do this, for two reasons. Her husband would not do that amount of work ordinarily, and whenever necessity compelled him to do it, he did it half-way. The corn he carried to the mill only got half-way there, for, unfortunately, there was a distillery midway between the house and the mill, and he always stopped there to rest; and once within range of a barrel, he was lost. Had his sack contained diamonds instead of corn, it would have been all the same. I never took but a minute to exchange the crude corn for the essence, and an hour of industrious drinking always laid him prostrate on the bench in that stupid sleep which only swine and drunkards know. It was a maxim with him that it was of no use to eat a peck of dry corn when one could get the sustenance of it in a glass of whisky. If a mill had been half-way between his house and the distillery, it would have been much better for his family.

As he always got tired in that exact point in the journey, Mrs. Mason found it better to go to the mill with the corn herself. She could pass a distillery.

From this skeleton description of the Mason mansion, and of the occupants thereof, it is plain that young Caleb had as bad a start in life as could well be devised. And the badness of the start increased with his years. As he grew up, his father grew downward. Whisky-drinking is very much like walking on ice with smooth shoes—one step forward and two backward. Poor Mason found it so. Before his last hopeful was five years of age, he was a helpless, hopeless, confirmed sot, whose only ambition was to compass a jug, and whose only pleasure was to drink its contents.

A little village had grown up at one side of his small farm, and the Mason boys were the boys that every small village has—the ragged, dirty, vulgar, unkempt, unwashed sons of the village drunkard, the boys under no control, without education, manners or restraint.

Was there a hen-roost robbed? Who did it?

Bill Mason.

An orchard stripped?

Sam Mason.

A cow driven into the river and drowned?

Jack and Tom Mason.

What boys were never seen at church or Sunday school, or at any other place where boys could be humanized?

The Masons.

In brief, they were the pariahs of the village—the outcasts, the ne'er-do-weels, of whom nothing was expected, and for whom nothing could be done.

The last of the Mason tribe, however, showed surface indications of something more than the vegetable life into which the rest seemed content to settle down, and of mailing, in some degree, the predictions of the ancient Mrs. Smith.

In the depths as he was, the whole world, as far as he knew it, was above him. He saw that gold was the passport to power or position, and to that other thing for which his very soul hungered—social recognition; for even in the bucolic community of the country-side, he was compelled to give the pas to everybody else, and he longed, in his boyish heart, as a thirsty traveller longs for the cooling spring, to reach a point where he would take precedence of somebody else. He wanted to see some one yield the pas to him. And, mentally, giving to wealth even greater power than it actually has, potent as it is, to compass these results, he swore a great oath to himself that he would achieve wealth. And later, when he saw the respect paid to men with handles to their names, such as "squire" or "judge," he swore another oath, and a greater one, that he would rise in dignity above the 'squire, or even the judge of the county, and that in time men should take off their hats and bow to the ground when they met him. So deeply was he imbued with this idea, that he startled his father one day before he was 10, by the announcement that if he did not die of cold or starvation too soon, he should one day be President of the United States. The extent of the startle may be appreciated from the fact that it caused the old man to drop a glass of new whisky which he was about putting to his lips—something that those who knew him would never have believed could be accomplished by anything less than an earthquake.

But Caleb did say it, and, young as he was, he meant it.

There was nothing unreasonable in his ambition. He possessed all the requisites necessary for political advancement. Bad as his beginnings were for other ambitions, they were the very best for this, for if there is anything that a stern democracy hates, it is a man who asks the ruler's place, who was advantageously born and educated in the ordinary way, by the use of money earned by his father. What they want is "self-made" men. And they generally get them, though as a rule they generally wish, before they get through with them, that more skillful hands had been employed in the making.

Caleb could be nothing but a self-made man, for heaven knows he had no help from any other source. His start in life was admirable for the role he proposed to play. His father was a drunkard, his mother was an overworked, crushed slattern, and his brothers were a happy combination of their father's sottishness and their mother's slovenliness. If, finally, he amounted to anything, he would be a diamond on a dung-hill, and shine all the better for the black surroundings. He was, as we have been, a mere log-cabin in the woods, remote from the refining influences of civilization. In his youth the effeminate carpet, the enervating glass tumbler, the man-destroying mattress, and the debauching sofa were unknown to him. He had been rocked to sleep, not in a cradle with springs (as he frequently observed in after-life on the stump), but in a primitive sugar trough which had been hollowed by his father with an ax. He had not fed on cakes and sweet-meats in his adolescence, but the nourishing hominy and the strengthening hog sustained him, and gave him the strength, the manliness, the power, the will, to hew down forests and make civilized the country in which his children should enjoy all that he had been deprived of. (This is a quotation from a speech in his later years.)

It was fortunate that his auditors were a simple-minded people who desired all the civilization and as many of the comforts of life as they could get; for not one of them might not, under the stimulus of strength and manliness came from being rocked to sleep in a sugar trough, and living on carpetless floors, in the full glare of curtainless windows, and eating hog and hominy instead of more refined food, he did the race a positive injury by slashing down the trees, and making anything but sugar troughs, bare floors, and hog and hominy possible. He was his own children's worst enemy.

Likewise, (and this was a great point in his favor) he studied Daboll's arithmetic by the light of a pine knot, having previously walked fourteen miles, barefooted, in the snow, to procure the volume. Had he studied greenleaf, or any other author-ity in mathematics, he would not have done at all; and it would have been equally fatal to his hopes had he studied Daboll by the light of a candle, or kerosene lamp, or in the school house, or had his father been sufficiently wealthy to have purchased the book. Had any one of these conditions been lacking, he would not have been the self-made man he was, and consequently would not have been entitled to promotion over the heads of his fellows, who were, perhaps, more completely educated for the purpose, but who got their education in another way.

From which it appears that to get the favor of the masses it is not so much how much one knows, as how one got what he does know, and that the best training for a statesman is to be born in a log-cabin, to be lulled to sleep in a sugar trough, to eat hog and hominy, and to study Daboll by the uncertain flicker of a pine knot.

Very early in life he announced his determination to be somebody, and to do something. In all these worst families there is always one such boy, into whom all the energy that should have been distributed seems to have concentrated. And that boy always does amount to something. Despite his lack of opportunity, he manages to pick up something of an education, and, armed with that, he goes out into the world, and throws down the gauntlet to all comers. There are enough to take it up, and he receives terrific drubbing; but with the strength born of early struggles, he comes up again and again, and finally, by sheer power of endurance, wins. The very struggles that are required to get him out of the slough in which he was born develop his mental muscle, and gave him strength for his subsequent efforts.

Caleb Mason was the one boy of this wretched family who determined to be something in the world better than his ancestry. Very early in life he got an undue idea of the importance of money, for he had been compelled to go hatless and shoeless, shirtless and almost trouserless, while the other boys of his acquaintance had hats, shoes, shirts and trousers of many colors. He found that these things, as well as good houses, warm beds and good food, none of which he ever knew except through the unsatisfactory medium of sight, could only be got with money, and therefore, in the bitterness of his soul, he swore great oaths that he would have money, and a great deal of it.

And as all the men of the neighborhood who had money, and who stood high in the estimation of the community, were men who could read and write, the boy began, even in his childhood, to wish for an education. He had within him the divine thirst for knowledge. He recognized dimly that the acquisition of what his father called "book-larnin'" would place in his hands a weapon he must possess in order to be successful in his struggle with the world; and his eyes turned longingly to the country school house, perched on a slight elevation by the side of the road, near where it crossed the stream.

It was the regulation school house of the backwoods, the college in which Ewing, Corwin, Clay and so many men of the republic obtained at least the beginnings of an education. Education in this country is not of the schools—the schools merely fit the boy to take in the broader development which contact with the world gives him. It is the school-master who lays the foundation—the world outside builds the structure.

It was a one-roomed building, and a very small one, of logs; homely, inconvenient, ill-ventilated; a miserable place, filled with ill-clothed and worse mannered children. Children cannot be well-mannered when they have good substantial clothes require some care to be taken of them. The ragged boy whose entire outfit would not bring sixpence, is rough in his garments because he can not harm them—the well-dressed boy not only has pride in his clothes, but he is impelled, why he does not know, to make his conduct fit his clothes. Who has ever seen the philosophy of clothes? Why does the ruffian always wear a red handkerchief about his neck, tied very low? And why is a solvent banker always in black, and smooth shaven? Why are mustaches necessary to a soldier, and a smooth face to a judge? These are mysteries in life!

The floor of this school house was of puncheons—that is, of logs hewed on one side to as near a flat surface as a very hard man with a bad axe could or would do it. The seats were of the same (only the trees used were smaller), with stout legs inserted in them; the desks were of the roughest boards, scarcely planed. There were hundreds of these school houses in the West at that day, and in them thousands of boys were fitted to take their places in the world, and achieve success. In the one room, heated by an enormous "ten-plate" stove, were 40 unkempt children, presided over by a man named Whitmore.

Mr. Whitmore had had the misfortune to lose one of his legs, the right one, in his early manhood, and a stout leg of wood did duty in its place. Nature is generous to all respects but one when she bereaves a leg. Nature made it up by giving him extraordinary strength in his arms. All the strength that naturally belonged to the lost leg was concentrated in his right arm. With this arm he could wrench a boy's arm out of its socket, and without any trouble reduce him to submission by sheer force of the twist and the agony it produced.

Mr. Whitmore could read and write; but reading and writing were the least of the qualifications necessary in a teacher in that locality. What good would Greek and Latin do a teacher if he could not keep his pupils together long enough to teach it them? What good is an education in a school where the pupils had the habit of throwing the teacher through the window, and rolling him in the snow afterward? The first point was to get a teacher whom the boys could not throw out of the window!

CALEB STARTS TO SCHOOL.

While Mr. Whitmore could read, write and "cipher," his principal distinction came from the enormous strength in his arms. He had always spent his evenings in Dobson's store, among the regular loafers and loungers, and among these simple children of nature, tests of strength were the common amusement. This one could jump further than any other; that one could lift more with his arms; one could hoist the greatest weight with his shoulders; another excelled in feats of strength with his teeth. In fact, each one had his peculiar excellence. Whitmore had arrived at distinction by trying his strength of hand with the great louts always congregated there; and as he never failed to squeeze their hands so as to make them howl with agony, and then by a dexterous twist wrench them so as to nearly kill them, they all had a profound respect for him, and considered him a man a long way above the common run. Indeed, many of them rather envied him the loss of the leg which gave him this power, and not a few would have accepted his wooden leg with pleasure to have secured the additional strength in the arm and hand. Ambition is ambition, and this was about as harmless a variety as there is.

It was this strength, added to his knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, that made him the pedagogue of the district. The wild, unruly boys had half killed two teachers one winter, and the school directors were puzzled to know whom to put in the place. Providentially there was one man of the three whose wrist Mr. Whitmore had dislocated, who wore it in a sling—a perambulating testimonial of the wonderful powers of the "one-legged cuss."

"I wish he'd take the school," he remarked. "He ain't got much edicashun, but, Lor' bless you, with 'at 'ere wrist of his'n, he'd fetch them boys to time!"

The idea did not fall on stony ground. The main point was to have a school, and if there were no order there could be no school. Any man with Whitmore's strength could manage the boys, and that was enough. The school was offered him, and he, nothing loath, took it. The man who made the suggestion was entirely right. Mr. Whitmore entered upon the discharge of his duties with the one idea that discipline must be maintained, and with the one infallible process, viz: first, to twist the arm off every boy infringing the rules, and then to half kill him afterward. His measures might be considered half-way ones, for he always did manage to stop just short of death.

His first day was tame enough, and a disappointment. He hungered and thirsted for some one to offend, that he might make an example. The day passed quietly enough, for his reputation had preceded him, and the boys were taking his measure. But they could not long remain quiet. There is something in 14-year-old blood that will not be quiet, something that will dare more than a wrenched arm for the manifestation of disorder. One boy made a slip—it was a very slight one, but it was enough for Whitmore. He happened to be the largest and oldest boy in the school, which pleased the teacher all the more, and he was the son of a very poor farmer, who had no influence. It was his opportunity. He pounced upon the culprit hungrily, all of the more that his pleasure had been delayed a day, and hauled him upon the floor before the astonished youth dreamed that he had been discovered. There was the wrist-twisting, the arm wrenching, the terrifing afterward, and the boy went back to his seat entirely satisfied that he wanted no more encounters with Master Whitmore—on even terms, at all events. To improve the lesson, the master invented new disturbances, the second time taking three boys at once and twisting all their wrists and wrenching all their arms so quickly and artistically as to satisfy them that he was sufficiently powerful to overcome, not one pupil alone, but a mutiny, even though all were engaged in it.

The directors were delighted with the result, for it relieved them of a grave responsibility. They had a school, and a master who could keep order. As to learning, they trusted to the native genius of their children, judging that if they had books in a place where order was maintained, they must learn.

It was before Master Whitmore that Caleb Mason appeared as a pupil when he had completed his tenth year. He was a stout, heavy-set lad, with wonderfully lustrous eyes, large and full, dreamy and yet not dreamy. They were a peculiar pair of eyes. Sometimes they were as blue as the heavens above him, sometimes of a cold, glittering grey, and sometimes a mixture of the two. It depended very much upon the mood he was in. His hair was very dark, slightly waved and very thick. His forehead was not remarkably high, but there was a bold elevation just above the eyes, and a large and prominent nose; lips not too thick, and the head itself, was set squarely upon the neck, and equally divided; the part forward of the ears was exactly equal to that behind. Put such a head upon a body as strong as that of a young bull, and as active and as wiry as a wild-cat, and there is a boy of which something may be expected. Such a one will obtain eminence in some way; he will never be mediocre. Whether he graces the senate chamber or ornaments the gallows depends very much upon the way in which he is started. If he reaches the senate, he will be a leader; if the gallows, it will be for no common murder.

There probably never

Recent Literature.

A VERY FEW NEW BOOKS.

Prohibition: the Principle, the Policy and the Party—Can Love Sin?—Bible-Work—Pamphlets—New Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Prohibition: The Principle, the Policy, and the Party," is further described as a dispassionate study of the arguments for and against prohibitory law, and of the reasons governing the political action of its adherents. The author, E. J. Wheeler, has divided the work into three parts: Part I. treats of Prohibition as a principle of statesmanship, considers the objections made on scriptural, scientific and philosophical grounds, and portrays clearly and forcibly the public evils arising from the drink traffic. Part II. considers the effects of Prohibitory law in its actual operation in different states—whether the policy is one reasonably successful or not. The facts are more skillfully grouped so as to avoid tediousness to the reader, and yet convey ample information on which to form conclusions. Part III is a presentation of the reasons for and against the policy of a separate political party.

The book is well worth reading whether the conclusions he reaches can be accorded with or not. It is free from exaggeration and offensive personalities, and seems to be a calm, fair and thoughtful consideration of the subject. Published by John R. Anderson Co., 150 Nassau street, New York city.

"Can Love Sin," is a novel by Mark Douglas, issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Concerning his object, the writer says he designed to show that "only an educated conscience can keep a man or woman from sin in the conflict between desire and duty." He discusses any belief in the doctrines of "affinity and kindred ideas," and sends his book forth with the hope that it will advance purity, and a regard for the seventh commandment. Without doubting the good intention of the writer, it is hard to see how the story as it stands, can do any good, and might in some cases do harm. From a literary point of view, it is singularly uneven in style. Here and there are passages of considerable dramatic power, and then chapters that fall entirely to go beyond the common-place. It seems to have been the work of one who writes with small actual experience, but who possesses gifts of observation, which however, have not yet given him a power of good character-drawing.

The third volume of "Bible-Work: The Old Testament," has been received from the publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, New York. In these volumes the revised texts are arranged in sections, with comments selected from the choicest, most illuminating and helpful thought of the Christian centuries. Nearly three hundred writers are here represented. There are numerous illustrations, maps and diagrams to make the text perfectly clear, and the work cannot fail to be of great advantage to the Bible student. It is prepared by J. Glentworth Butler.

In the "Globe Library" Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, bring out in pamphlet form Rider Haggard's last work entitled "Cleopatra" further described as "An Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis (The Royal Egyptian)" as set forth by his own hand; "The Tents of Shem" by Grant Allen, author of "In All Shades" etc.; and "Artist and Model" by Remi de Pont-Jest.

In Lovell's International Series which is issued weekly comes "Sopsy Carmine" by John Strange Winter, author of "Bootles' Baby," etc. It is a very pretty story.

Literary Notes.

William Black, it is said, contemplates writing a play.

There are now eight different American editions of Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra."

Louise Imogen Guiney, a famous oarswoman, writes on "Rowing" in the August *Wide Awake*, and the same number has another vacation article about making "Wild-Flower Books" for holiday gift-giving. Olive Risley Seward, in the same issue, tells a real fairy tale of how she and Secretary Seward in one short day saw sights and visited with Laboulaye, and were with Thiers in the first hours of his Presidency; and Andrew Lang relates his experience "Fishing in Tweed and Yarrow" humorously and practically.

Selling Titles in France.

A curious fact is that in France a man can will away his title to any one whom he may care to adopt, just as he can a ring or a sum of money. Thus, some years ago, one of the proudest titles in France went a-begging. The old Duc de Miromesnil was so poor that he offered to adopt and leave his ducal title to any man who would insure him for the rest of his days (and he was old) the modest income of $2,000—10,000 francs. Oddly enough, the poor old duke, whom ill-luck would thus seem to have followed up to the last, found no one to bid for the proffered honor, and so he died in the most abject penury. Were a similar transmission of nobility legal in England there are twenty members of the house of lords who would gladly, for a handsome consideration in cash, adopt the most unsavory commercial "gentleman," and leave him all their honors.—*Paris Letter.*

OLD MAN LUNDSFORD'S FLIGHT.

The Remarkable Outcome of His Scheme to Capture a Flock of Wild Geese.

Mr. M. C. Kiser, solemn after the manner of amen brethren, and scrupulous in statement as the wary witness who testified that his name was "Abraham Jones, or words to that effect," has yet this tale to tell. He says it was told him many years ago by a gentleman of character and reputation for veracity:

"Old man Lunsford was out hunting one day when he heard the familiar 'cronk! cronk!' of wild geese way up in the sky. Their keen eyes discovered a creek, and down they came to a broad and deep pool made by a widening of the channel 100 yards above.

"Afraid to go within gunshot for fear of frightening them off, Lunsford sat still and thought the matter over. As he did so his eye fell upon a stout piece of very large cord, the end of which hung out of his hunting bag. A happy thought struck him, and he pulled out the cord to see if it was long enough. It was fifteen feet; that was enough and to spare.

"Coiling the cord carefully around his left arm, he crept cautiously to a bend of the creek where he was out of sight of the geese. Quickly divesting himself of his clothing, he waded slowly up the creek, keeping well under the bank to avoid frightening the geese. The bend concealed him from them until he was within about thirty yards.

"Through the overhanging foliage he could just see them, sailing, diving, and covering about the pool. They were in high spirits, and appeared to be totally unconscious that they were watched. There were fourteen geese and one big gander, who kept aloof and looked on at the sport as if it was a little too undignified for him.

"Lundsford had been a wonderful diver in his boy days, and now he prepared for a long swim under the surface. Dipping noiselessly in the water, he half swam, half crawled, terrapin fashion, along the bottom of the pool till he got under the geese. They were disporting themselves about in a circle, and Lundsford slowly rose in the centre till the top of his head appeared like a moss covered rock above the surface. The geese took no notice of this, and he managed to get his nostrils above the surface and take a long breath.

"Then he sank without making a ripple, and deftly looped his cord around the feet of one goose after the other. The other geese could not understand the queer capers of their neighbors, who seemed suddenly to be attacked with a fit of the St. Vitus dance, until, one by one, they found themselves in the same predicament. Then they all knew they were tied, and their demeanor became frantic.

"But it was too late. Lundsford had tied the feet of all fourteen of them, and fastened the ends of the cords together. Then he threw caution to the winds, and rose suddenly in the middle of a circle, with his hands stretched out grasping the cord on opposite sides.

"Alas for his temerity! The old gander who was free set up a terrible 'cronk! cronk!' The geese answered in notes of despair, but the old fellow seemed not to have lost the courage of leadership, for he hovered within a safe distance, and by a series of energetic cronks inspired them with a sudden and desperate resolution.

"All at once the gander, with an unearthly cronk that sounded to Lundsford like the wail of the damned, lifted his clumsy body and led the flight. With a tremendous flopping, and a succession of cronks that strangely resembled the 'Heave, ho!' of the negroes, they rose from the water and sailed away toward the sky, carrying Lundsford with them. Before he knew what was going to happen he was fifty feet from the ground, and when he realized his perilous position he was too high to drop. He was in for the flight. He must migrate whether or no, and up under the edge of the clouds as the cool winds of the upper air fanned the perspiration from his brow, he had time to think over the situation. Where would he land, and how far from home? Would these fool birds drop him in the ocean or the gulf?

"He was passing over a town and he could see the people gather in clusters along the streets and twist their necks to look up in the sky. It was a large town and the suburbs stretched away for nearly a mile. To his unutterable horror he remembered that he had left his clothes on the bank of the creek. Even if he had had them, it would have been impossible to put them on. This new-fangled vehicle of his had no facilities for making toilets, and he had to remain as nature formed him, without any of the superfluities of fashion. It was an admirable flying costume, but was not appropriate for public performance. He was just congratulating himself that he was too far above those curious eyes for them to discover his costume, when he saw that one group held something in their hands. It was a long field glass. He bent his agonized face once more rigidly to the front. At least they would not recognize him.

"Just at this time he noticed that the occasional cronks began to grow feebler, and that those appeared to labor in their flight. They were becoming tired, and must inevitably sink under his weight very soon. Then he prayed that the wings of the geese might be strengthened for a season. He was willing even, like Jonah, to be cast into the sea; anything rather than land in that town. Then he clucked encouragingly to his fourteen winged wheels and gently jerked the cord as if he were jerking the reins of his horse, but still they labored. The old gander's hoarse 'cronk! cronk!' seemed to mock him in his despair, and his downcast spirit began to sink.

"All at once he heard something whiz by him, and he saw a puff of blue smoke away down in the town. A second later he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, the sound having travelled slower than the ball.

"His blood almost froze in his veins. Horror had been had added to horror, and his spirit sank in the depths of despair.

"But the darkest hour was just before the dawn. The whiz of the bullet and the report of the gun had frightened the geese and nerved them to renewed exertions. They made one desperate effort to reach the friendly cover of the woods. Lundsford's spirit rose as he saw that the geese were likely to accomplish their object. Now the cronks of the gander seemed more cheerful, and the breezes brought a grateful coolness to the man's fevered brow. He began to hear the solemn laugh of the forest as the suburbs disappeared and the song of the pines soothed him like an Æolian harp.

"A mile or so from town the gander gave a peculiar 'cronk' at the sight of water, and the geese began circling to descend. With an indescribable feeling of relief, Lundsford tightened his grip as his winged chariot swung round the circle, and he wrecked not of the icy coolness of the pool into which he was plunged.

"Having made fast the end of the cord to a tree, he began to consider what he would do. Fortunately at this juncture he heard a dog bark, and following the friendly sound he soon came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. Concealing himself in the underbrush, he shouted a loud hello. A woman came to the door, looked around curiously and went back.

"'Hello!' he cried again.

"Then a man came to the door, and he recognized a former tenant.

"'Hello, Goddard!' he cried.

"'Hello yourself; but why don't you come out of the brush?'

"'Because I ain't fitten.'

"'Ain't fitten?'

"'No, I haven't got on any clothes.'

"'Who are you, anyhow?'

"'Come a little nearer and I'll tell you.'

"The man was a little skeptical and came out cautiously, with his gun in his hand.

"'Who are you now?' he called out when thirty steps off.

"'Sam Lundsford.'

"'Sam Lundsford in that fix! Well, I reckon I'll have to help you out.' And he went in and got the best suit of clothes he could spare and flung them over in the bushes. Sam jumped into them and then sheepishly came forward and told his story.

"Goddard's eyes opened wide as he listened, and he evidently thought Lundsford was off his balance, but when he went with him to the creek and saw the wild geese thuthered to the tree he no longer doubted.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Those Foreign Investors.

When I asked Mr. Untermeyer if it was true that large English investments had been made in the United States, he replied that he knew where $17,000,000 in cold cash had been placed within a twelvemonth, and that the work of organizing new companies was still progressing.

"Who are the heavy English capitalists who invest all this money? There are none! The shareholders are mostly from the middle classes of tradesmen, and the holdings are in small amounts. The stock is usually issued in shares of £10 each, so that the artisan and wage-earner can invest. In one of the companies I have mentioned there are 2,000 shareholders, and an individual holding a large block of stock is rare indeed. The principle of small and large investors alike in England is pretty much the same the world over. They distribute their savings and spare cash among a number of enterprises, so that a failure of one company would not be seriously felt.—*N. Y. Herald.*

BOLDLY INTERPRETED!
[Judge.]

Jack.—Suppose I were to ask you, just for fun, that we get married?
Edith.—And suppose I were to answer, just for fun—*No!*
Jack.—Why, then, I'd think that if you were speaking seriously you'd say—*Yes!*

GARFIELD MONUMENT.

Hopes Expressed That It Will Be Built Soon.

The tax levied at the door of Garfield's monument, says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, has made up quite a neat sum already this summer. There were 4,709 visitors the first week in July, of which 2,070 came on the Fourth. In June 6,846 people paid their dimes, making $1,165.50 for the first five weeks of the summer season. The trouble caused by the condensation of vapor in the colder recesses of the pile, which, it was feared, would result in permanent injury to some of the costly marbles, has been remedied by cutting windows in various parts and thus admitting a free circulation of air.

As the time draws near it becomes evident that the marble statue of Garfield will not be ready for unveiling September 19, the date last set for the purpose, and the directors are beginning to talk of next Decoration day as a possible date. There is serious objection to having the ceremony take place in winter, as it must necessarily be out of doors, and it will probably be put off until next summer.

The custodian, Mr. Stowell, and his assistants relate many amusing incidents within the monument since the summer rush commenced. The dissecting table frieze is usually characterized as the death bed scene by visitors. It is in fact an ideal representation of the body of Garfield lying in state, guarded by National troops in uniform, while ideal persons mourn around the bier. A girl in the foreground in the act of flinging a garland beside the bier is generally pointed out with confident exclamations of "That's Mollie Garfield." A mother raising a child to look upon the dead face of the murdered president is likewise recognized as Mrs. Garfield instead of the late American mother, and everyone wonders who the child is. The ideal citizen gazing upon Garfield's face is readily pointed out as Dr. Bliss, and few find incongruity in the presence of soldiers at the supposed death bed. The frieze should be labeled. Mrs. Partington is a numerous visitor. One well dressed and intelligent looking member of her family stumbled over the word sarcophagus and asked the custodian:

"Are they going to put the remains in an esophagus down cellar? Another one who visited the monument before the workmen had removed the ladders after a journey through the winding stairways from top to bottom of the pile was found perched at the top of a ladder and calling down to know what there was to see up there. A bridal party from the woods recently visited the place. The bride wore white kid slippers, white gloves and a blue silk dress. She wore a large white hat with a blue feather in it, and her liege lord was rigged out in the height of Pumpkinville fashion. They failed to discover in descending the stairs that they had reached the landing and continued down into the vault. The bride was in the lead and as it began to grow darker her quavering voice was heard to utter exclamations of fear. The party became tangled up in some way in a narrow passage way and when the custodian started to rescue them in response to a chorus of yells and groans he heard a resounding smack followed by the lugubrious wail of the groom:

"Never mind, Susannah. If we can't live together we can at least die together."

Several sobs were heard and it was a pale and dusty crowd which the man in charge at last dragged up from the depths of the stairway. Taken altogether, however, it may be said that a better and more intelligent class of people visit the monument on Sundays than is to be found at any other resort in the city.

WITHOUT A WIRE.

The Latest Astonishing Development in Telegraphy.

Edison, who has astonished the world already by his wonderful inventions, seems to have in store a greater wonder than ever. Some years ago there was a hint from him that earth currents might be used for the purposes of telegraphy. Since then he seems actually to have accomplished something in that line as will be seen from this extract from Mr. Buckingham's article in *Scribner's Magazine:*

"The inductive method of transmission employed in train telegraphy has already been suggested as one way of telegraphing over considerable distances without the aid of a wire. It is said that Edison has succeeded in obtaining intelligible signals between apparatus placed upon masts 540 feet apart, and it is now confidently asserted that messages may be telegraphed from a wire along the Hudson river to steamers passing between New York and Albany. It is claimed by Mr. A. J. Phelps that by employing a receiving coil consisting of a wire wound several times around the steamer, one of the early forms employed in the train telegraph, no difficulty would be experienced in communicating with boats running within 500 feet of the shore; and that such communication would be possible even over a distance of 2,000 feet. Obviously, by this method, ships not far apart may be placed in communication.

"Telegraphing between points not connected by a line is also accomplished by diffusion. If an electrical current is sent over a telegraph line connected with the earth at both extremities, it will return through the earth from one extremity to the other. In returning, the current will not follow a narrow straight line, but will be diffused; and back by way of a distant parallel wire. Two wires, one along the shore of the Isle of Wright, and the other along the shore of the channel, in Hampshire, were thus employed; and, although the width of the channel is six miles at one end, and one and one-fourth miles at the other, harmonic signals like those used in the train-telegraph, sent from one wire, were distinctly reproduced upon the other, telegraphic communications across the channel being thereby established. Professor A. G. Bell succeeded in telegraphing in this manner more than a mile between boats on the Potomac river."

Entertaining Brevities.

What is so sticky as a day in July?—*New Haven Journal.*

Picnics are ordinarily no-table affairs.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Sweetness and light—an underweight pound of sugar.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Straits of Magellan are so called because they are very crooked.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

America's national flour is cornmeal. New York papers please copy and adopt.—*Washington Critic.*

The kind of bean most popular with watering-place belles is a boatswain.—*Baltimore American.*

The ugliest old maid may listen to a "pop" on the Fourth, and yet show a characteristic aversion to poppers.

A clergyman doesn't claim a monopoly of his business when he announces himself as soul agent.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Los Angeles county, Cal., owes $40 for each person in it. Now let us hear from Montreal, Canada.—*Philadelphia Times.*

When you see a man consuming a cucumber you can risk a small bet on his being a painstaking fellow.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The discharge of employes in a mercantile establishment should always be attended to by the shipping clerk.—*Epoch.*

"Remove a la Wanamaker" was the *piece de resistance* of the Harvard class of 1889's bill of fare. It was a palpable hit.—*Boston Herald.*

A SHAMEFUL PICTURE.

London's Whitechapel—A Hottentot Wouldn't Live There.

The New York *Herald's* London letter gives a brief account of how people live in that wild, barbarous, dangerous and hellish part of Christian London, where the Whitechapel murderer finds his victims. The correspondent says:

The detective took us into one of the typical lodging houses of the Whitechapel district. The scene was revolting. Little signs wreathed with holly, laurel and ivy were over the door, bearing the inscriptions, "Peace to All Nations," "A Hearty Welcome!" Also the additional intelligence that "This is a noted house for double and single beds." Here was democracy and no nihilism. Thieves, garroters, beggars, receivers of stolen goods, safe burglars, kidnappers and the vilest of the London slums were encamped like gypsies. They sat on the floor or leaning over the tables, with pots of beer and glasses of spirits before them, singing songs, and blaspheming as they did in Hogarth's time, when they rattled their dice on the tombs of the churchyards.

A word from the detective secured permission to go through the house. The character of it may be imagined when it is said that the price for a single bed is but a penny or two, and that two persons—the lowest of all God's creatures—may drink, shout and blaspheme all night for only twopence. Little children with pale faces, scarcely old enough to lisp the name of mother, lay in dark corners on vermin-covered beds with withered bags, who drank beer and sang snatches of songs half awake and half drunken, apparently in a stupor; and as we passed through the long alleyways between the bunks they screeched their unintelligible songs and brawled piteously for a penny to help the poor darling. We looked into other chambers that were empty, where a dozen cots, covered with filthy rags, were awaiting the return of some assassins to lie down and drink and riot in the early Sabbath morning. The boys and girls of these loathsome dens were as bright as crickets, and the detective said they could parley in pocket more artistically than the old 'uns.

Then we went up stairs through winding passageways where a stranger would be lost before half way to the roof. On every floor were little rooms no larger than a closet, with a bed inside for one or two persons. Strong drink or anything you wished to eat was served for a few pennies. Beggars followed us wherever we went. When we entered the cellar it was enough to make a cannibal sick. Talk of sending missionaries to Africa to civilize the heathen! It is doubtful if a Digger Indian or a Hottentot could be hired to live in one of the Whitechapel dens.

As a rule, most of these people are in very good circumstances as far as money is concerned, for they live by begging and stealing. In one room we saw twenty or thirty old women, each face a character study for a painter—some withered and wrinkled, others marked with disease and covered with wartlike excrescences hideous to behold, but every face beamed with treachery and deceit so necessary to extricating money from the public. Every one of these creatures ought to be hanged as much as the train robbers of Arizona, it was remarked, yet the district swarms with them.

Haymaking in Finland.

A curious way of making hay is very generally adopted by the Fins. Poor men who own no meadows have long been accustomed to cut what grass they can find in the forest glades and other waste lands. Owing to the lack of roads and farmsteads the hay was stuffed among the branches of neighboring trees to await the winter frosts and snow, when it could easily be carried off by sledges. After a wet season some farmers noticed that this was actually better in quality than that which they themselves had made from much better grass. The wild crop, so to call it, had dried much better in the tree branches exposed to a free circulation of air than the rich herbage which had lain long on the sodden ground. Hence it occurred to them to make temporary trees upon which their own crops might be dried.

The experiment was attended by such success that the plan has been widely imitated, and bids fair entirely to supplant the old fashioned methods. After the mowing is done a number of poles about ten feet in length, and provided with long transverse pegs, are set up at intervals, and the grass is loosely heaped upon them. The result is said to be excellent. Even in wet weather only a small portion forming the outside of the pile is discolored, while the inner portions, exposed to the air beneath and protected from the rain above, are dried in perfect condition. Mowing can be carried on in spite of wind and rain, and when once the grass is placed upon the drying poles it may be left without fear of serious damage until the weather changes.

Injurious Effects of Sitting.

An Albany physician declares that Americans suffer more generally from Bright's disease and nervous diseases than any other people, and he says that the reason is that Americans sit down so persistently at their work. He says: "Americans are the greatest sitters I ever knew. While Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen walk and exercise an American business man will go to his office, take his seat in his chair and sit there all day without giving any relief to the tension of the muscles of the back. The result is that these muscles surrounding the kidneys become soft and flabby. They lose their vitality. The kidneys themselves soon become weak and debilitated. If Americans would exercise more, if they would stand at their desks rather than sit, we would hear less of Bright's disease. I know of a New York man who had suffered for some years from nervous prostration, until it was recommended to him to have a desk at which he could stand to do his work. Within a year he was one of the healthiest men you ever saw. His dyspepsia and kidney trouble had disappeared, and he had an appetite like a payer.

An Inquisitive Chick.

A resident of Marion street, Charlestown, is a great fancier of fowls, and raises many chickens every year, says the *Herald*. A day or two ago, when he turned out his last brood to scratch for themselves, one of the chicks unearthed a pickle bottle, and at once determined to explore its interior. The chick squeezed itself through the neck of the bottle with some difficulty, but unfortunately could not get out again. When morning came, the old hen missed her chick and went in search of it. Having found it, and not being able to extricate it from its involuntary imprisonment, she flew around like mad, and finally became satisfied that her owner came from the breakfast table to learn the cause. The old hen was then rolling the bottle over and over with her feet. There was no way of liberating the chicken except by breaking the bottle; but in doing so the chicken's throat was badly cut. The wound was quickly sewed up, and the chick is now able to grub for itself, although its neck is still done up with a white rag.

She was Left.

Young Minister—"Miss Bjones, may I marry you?"

Miss Bjones (rapturously)—"Oh, Mr. Travis George—darling—I have been expecting this! I am so happy.

Minister (who sees that he is in a scrape) —"Oh I don't mean to marry you myself! I wanted, you know, to make you promise that when you were married you would have me perform the ceremony. Every cent counts for me, you know."—*Lawrence American.*

Fever and the Cold Bath.

The most rapid and certain way of abstracting heat from the body is by the cold bath. Within a few years this has been extensively used in the treatment of typhoid fever. It is, however, by no means new. In 1777 Dr. William Wright, who afterward became president of the college of physicians, Edinburgh, was attacked with fever on shipboard. On the fifth day he caused himself to be douched with cold salt water, and continued this repeatedly for several days with the happiest results. A few years later (1787-92) the celebrated Dr. Currie employed the cold bath in 153 recorded cases of fever. Recent statistics compiled by Dr. Simon Baruch are simply astounding in their results. In 2,150 cases of typhoid fever, collected from various sources by Brand, which were treated with "strict cold baths" before the fifth day, there did not occur a single death. In 18,612 cases under different methods of treatment, collected by Murchison, the rate of mortality was 18.62 per cent. The revival of the treatment of typhoid fever by the cold bath dates from a publication by Dr. Brand in 1861. The routine of this treatment is to immerse the patient in a bath, at a temperature of 60 degrees, for fifteen minutes every three hours, so long as his temperature is as high as 103 degrees. It is, of course, essential that patients be placed in the bath and removed from the bath to the bed with the least possible fatigue.—*Forum.*

The Modesty of Boyhood.

Little 6-year old Jemmy, being permitted to see his new born baby brother—fifth boy in the family—remarked:

"Mamma, I am so glad it is a boy!"

"Why, Jemmy, are you glad it is a boy?"

"Because, mamma, by-and-by we will have enough for a base ball team."

"How many does it take?" asked the fond parent, and Jemmy innocently replied:

"Only nine, mamma."

This is a correct report of the conversation occurring between mamma and the little son in a village near Philadelphia, recently.—*Philadelphia Press.*

S. JACOBS OIL
FOR WATERMEN.

The Renowned Swimmer, writes: "*I don't see how I could get along without St. Jacobs Oil.*"

For Seamen, Yachtmen, Boatmen, &c.

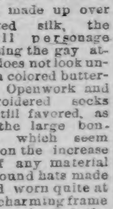
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

JUVENILE FASHIONS.

Some Pretty Novelties for the Dear Little Ones.

FANCY runs rife this season when the dress of little ones is under consideration, for even the tiny fledgelings have their fashions. Their half open mantles are made of light cloth, with hood and revers cut in one piece, so that a collar is unnecessary. Of course the little mantle must be provided with pockets. As the weather becomes warmer the full mantle made of taffetas will have its turn, and when worn with an embroidered muslin frock, made up over colored silk, the small personage sporting the gay attire does not look unlike a colored butterfly. Openwork and embroidered socks are still favored, as are the large bonnets, which seem ever on the increase in size, and may be made of any material from wool to silk crape. Round hats made either of stuff or straw, and worn quite at the back of the head, are a charming frame for a baby face. With long curly hair the crown of the hat is chiefly trimmed; with short hair the inside of the brim, the former with feathers and flowers, the latter with pinked out silk, or colored tulle in the shape of a full double poppy.

It is more difficult to dress little boys of the same tender age. This year fine cloth is preferred to velvet or plush. A sort of blouse steel blue cloth with black silk girdle and black pompon trimming and Spanish cap, with suitable ornament, is very nice for a boy of from 4 to 6 years of age. Another suit, for boys from 7 to 8 years old, is very well conceived and also comfortable light wear, especially suitable for the country or sea side. The jacket and knickerbockers are of fine brown cloth, the shirt of blue batiste, and a red silk sash and cravat give the finishing touch to this becoming suit. We should like to see the youngster who would not be delighted to sport such a suit. As for little girls of the same age, nothing can be better for them, either in or out-door wear, than the simple yet charming empire frocks made of dotted or flowered material; for girls in their teens these dresses can be smartened up by the addition of a waistcoat, a sash and ribbons to match.



A pretty costume for girls between fourteen and sixteen is made of light green cloth, the trimming dark green moire ribbon. The dress is provided with double sleeves, the small puffed ones, both adjustable, thanks to which the dress may serve for in and out-door wear.

NATURE'S MASTERPIECE.

The lovely maiden in the hammock swings
Beneath the mimic leaves of green,
While robin in the ripening orchard sings
His thrilling melodies.

In dotted muslin dressed, or snowy
Adorned with cherry bows,
She is a vision fairer than the dawn
Sweet as the new-blown rose.

The shining tresses of her silken hair
About her shoulders play;
There Cupid hides—each ringlet is a snare
Avoid her while you may!

For who can look upon her lovely face,
Her brightly beaming eye,
Behold her smile, her form's bewitching grace,
And scathless pass her by?

Turn back, oh, youth; another path pursue;
Turn back, thou art in peril;
If thou would'st keep thy heart avoid her, do,
The sweet vacation girl.

—*Boston Courier.*

A New Trick of the Boys.

One evening last spring the family of Gen. Hickenlooper were startled by the sound of glass being shattered, and with the thought of thieves the general made a round of his residence and his grounds in search of the offenders. To his surprise, there was not a visible indication of any attempt at housebreaking, and ever since that time the matter has been a mystery. A few evenings ago a neighbor of Mr. Hickenlooper had a similar experience, and the folks in the vicinity speaking of the affair noticed that the 6-year-old blossom of the family, a boy, who had a sense of hatred for soap, seemed much elated over the escape of the offenders, and on being concerned with the family shingle admitted that "us kids" had made all the racket. The scheme is the result of the ingenuity of one of the boys, and it is being worked very successfully to the terror of those afflicted with sensitive nerves. To work the matter the boys get large pieces of glass, and selecting an open window, aim the glass against the house and run. It never fails to work. From a convenient cover the boys always enjoy the sight of the brave man or woman of the house trotting around with a lamp in one hand and a pistol or shotgun in the other. The scheme is now elaborated by one of the kids tossing a stone through an open window into the room while a confederate breaks the bits of glass at the same time. This brings down the house every time.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

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The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

AT AN early hour in the morning of May 22, 1863, while lying in the rear of Vicksburg, general orders were read to each company, preparatory to a grand charge upon the rebel fortifications. In our immediate front, and on the northeast corner of the enemy's works, was a large fort, mounted with heavy guns. As it was situated on a high point of land, it had command of a large scope of our grounds, therefore, to obtain access to the rifle pits on either side, this stronghold must be carried first. This hazardous undertaking was assigned to a party of 50 men, volunteers—one man from each company—with promise of a new suit of thirty days' furlough. The order was readily responded to, and in a very short time all things were ready for the bloody contest. Joseph Labille, private of my company, volunteered and was chosen color-bearer. George H. Stockman, my first lieutenant, was made commander.

We had moved farther to the left and taken our position at the edge of the fallen timber, some two hundred yards from the rebel lines, sheltered by the brow of the hill, and as the "storming party" emerged from the woods in our rear and passed by us, some carrying ladders and some forked poles, they strictly charged us not to fire into them. They seemed to be more afraid of us than they were of the Johnnies. There was a plain wagon road leading direct to the fort, upon which the brave boys were to travel, and the only order necessary was: "Double quick! Forward march!"

The Johnnies were neither napping nor eating breakfast, as might have been supposed, but were there in full force and in readiness to give the boys in blue a hearty reception. Such a deadly fire was poured into their ranks that in one minute they were all cut to pieces and scattered all along the way! The color-bearer was the only one that succeeded in reaching the fort, and he had the honor, if not the pleasure, of planting the old 6th Missouri flag right under the enemy's big guns, where they shot right over his head all the day long. When night came he providentially made his escape unhurt, and got his furlough to boot.

Lieut. Stockman fell by the way severely wounded in both legs, and never returned to duty again.

As for the other members of the party, I never learned how many were killed and wounded. I wish if this meets the eye of any of the party, they would write up a fuller account of that unpleasant affair.

As the storming party started, so did we, but as the fallen timber obstructed our way, we had to go slowly and to avoid confusion, we divided up by companies and picked out way the best we could. I do not know how the other companies fared, but it is certain that the Johnnies had so many things to look after that they overlooked my company entirely, and never shot into us once. The whole line advanced, and took up a position about 50 yards from the rebel rifle pits, sheltered by logs, stumps, brush and hills. A fusilade fire was kept up all day, but no further attempt was made to storm the works at this point. When night came, we slipped out, carrying our dead with us on the field. We then went to work like beavers, digging trenches and throwing up breastworks, and in three days we had a strong line of works about 100 yards from the rebel lines.

Our dead still remained unburied, and by a flag of truce we got permission, a detail of men from both sides performing this unpleasant task. It was a grand sight as well as an impressive scene. It was on a bright Sunday afternoon that both armies, for a few hours, laid down their arms. A long line of both blue and grey could be seen standing upon their breastworks, facing each other, and gazing at the interment of their more unfortunate comrades. They were buried where they fell. A hole was dug by the side of each body and it was then rolled in and slightly covered up.

We took up our quarters in a large hollow which the rebel works crossed, about a quarter of a mile from the same, and we were much annoyed by sharp shooters. It was not until a dozen men were shot that we moved to safer grounds. As the siege advanced, we continued to advance and strengthen our works, and the very road upon which the storming party fell, we sank to the depth of eight feet, and could march right up to the big fort unseen by the enemy. Moreover, we run a double tunnel under it, and just as we got about ready to blow it into the skies, the Johnnies spoilt a mine and all debauched, taking their traps to safer quarters, and we were no longer annoyed by cannon while the siege lasted.

From this point could be seen Fort Hill, in front of Gen. Logan's command, about half a mile south, which was made famous by being blown up. We had plenty of ammunition, and a continual firing was kept up both day and night. The rebs were scarce of ammunition and never shot unless they saw something to shoot at. Their silence became more unpleasant to us than otherwise. We got tired of shooting at bare earthworks, and in order to have a little amusement, we would sometimes stick up our caps, and the way the rebs would fire their guns, and for every bullet that they would send us we would send them 50 or 100 in return. Finally our works approached so close to their works that written dispatches were frequently exchanged through the day and at night a friendly conversation would take place. By this means many of the Missouri boys found some of their old friends and relatives. However, when our officers found out what was going on they put a stop to it in short order.

I wonder what has become of the old 6th Mo., and more especially of the Illinois boys, of which the regiment was largely composed?—J. W. SAPP, Co. C, 6th Mo. Inf. Vols., Black's Div.

A CONNECTICUT REGIMENT.

Something in Regard to Its Makeup and the Engagements It Was In.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In reply to comrade H. L. Trisler, 33d Ind. Inf. Vols., Des Moines, Iowa, I would enlighten him as follows:

Prior to September, 1863, the 20th Conn. Vols. Inf., was attached to the 1st Brig., 1st Div., 12th A. C. In September, 1863, it was transferred to the west, and attached to the Army of the Cumberland, arriving at Bridgeport, Ala., October 3, 1863. The regiment did picket and fatigue duty, and took part in a number of skirmishes during the fall of that year. In 1864 the regiment participated in the following engagements:

January 20, 1864, at Tracy City, Tenn., while a part of the regiment was guarding the place, an attack was made by rebel cavalry, who were repulsed and retired. Capt. Upson, of Co. E, was wounded; died February 19, and Private Russell, of Co. B, was killed. May 13, it took part in the battle of Resaca; on the 19th it was engaged with the Johnnies at Cassville, Ga.; July 20 found the regiment in line of battle at Peach Tree Creek, Ga.; from July 21 to August 7, near Atlanta, Ga. After the taking of Atlanta, and until January 1, 1865, when we tried to cross the Savannah river, and were prevented for awhile by rebel sharp-shooters, who occupied the two houses on the South Carolina shore, the regiment did its share of all the duty that befell the 3d brig., 3d div., 20th A. C., to which it was attached. I do not remember that the 20th Conn. was at any time attached to the 2d brig., 3d div.

To sum up: The 20th Conn. Inft. lost 50 men, killed in action; died of wounds, 37; died of disease, 77; discharged prior to muster-out, 264; missing at muster-out, 2; total casualties, 430. I may be mistaken, but I think the following constituted the 3d brig., 3d div., 20th A. C.: The 20th Conn. Vols., 26th Wis., (a German regiment who all wore the slouch hat), 33d Mass., with its famous band, for whom every evening after getting into camp, the cry went up, "33d! 33d! 33! Music!! Music!!!" 55th and 73d Ohio Inft., and the 136th New York Vols.—M. LOENSHAL, Toledo, O.

A GALLANT CHARGE,

But They Were Repulsed—An Attempt to Kiss the Bride.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—A recent sketch by a comrade headed, "Captured Their Hearts," reminds me of the following incident, which occurred while we were encamped at Helena, Ark., on an armistice of 90 days.

I was seated in a tent talking with the regimental chaplain when in came six or eight well-dressed young colored gentlemen. One of them approached us and inquired where he could find a minister. Mr. McCarthy replied: "I am chaplain of this regiment (76th O.); what do you wish me to do?"

"I wish to be married to-night," replied the young man, "and our minister is outside the guard line. Can you perform the ceremony?"

"Yes, sir," replied our chaplain.

Inviting us to accompany him, we followed the colored delegation and, arri

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The Cabinets of All the Presidents.

A. C., Parsons, Kan.: The following is a list of all the Cabinet officers since the foundation of the United States government:

SECRETARIES OF STATE.

Name.	Appointed.
Thomas Jefferson	Sept. 26, 1789
Edmund Randolph	Jan. 2, 1794
Timothy Pickering	Dec. 10, 1795
John Marshall	May 13, 1800
James Madison	March 5, 1801
Robert Smith	March 6, 1809
James Monroe	April 2, 1811
John Quincy Adams	March 5, 1817
Henry Clay	March 7, 1825
Martin Van Buren	March 6, 1829
Edward Livingston	May 24, 1831
Louis McLane	May 29, 1833
John Forsyth	June 27, 1834
Daniel Webster	March 5, 1841
Hugh S. Legare	May 9, 1843
Abel P. Upshur	July 24, 1843
John C. Calhoun	March 6, 1844
James Buchanan	March 6, 1845
John M. Clayton	March 7, 1849
Daniel Webster	July 22, 1850
Edward Everett	Nov. 6, 1852
William L. Marcy	March 7, 1853
Lewis Cass	March 6, 1857
Jeremiah S. Black	Dec. 17, 1860
William H. Seward	March 5, 1861
Elihu B. Washburne	March 6, 1869
Hamilton Fish	March 11, 1869
William M. Evarts	March 12, 1877
James G. Blaine	March 5, 1881
F. T. Frelinghuysen	Dec. 12, 1881
Thomas F. Bayard	March 6, 1885
James G. Blaine	March 5, 1889

SECRETARIES OF THE TREASURY.

Alexander Hamilton	Sept. 11, 1789
Oliver Wolcott	Feb. 2, 1795
Samuel Dexter	Jan. 1, 1801
Albert Gallatin	May 14, 1801
George W. Campbell	Feb. 9, 1814
Alexander J. Dallas	Oct. 6, 1814
William H. Crawford	Oct. 22, 1816
Richard Rush	March 7, 1825
Samuel D. Ingham	March 6, 1829
Louis McLane	Aug. 2, 1831
William J. Duane	May 29, 1833
Roger B. Taney	Sept. 23, 1833
Levi Woodbury	June 27, 1834
Thomas Ewing	March 5, 1841
Walter Forward	Sept. 13, 1841
John C. Spencer	March 3, 1843
George M. Bibb	June 15, 1844
Robert J. Walker	March 6, 1845
William M. Meredith	March 8, 1849
Thomas Corwin	July 23, 1850
James Guthrie	March 7, 1853
Howell Cobb	March 6, 1857
Philip F. Thomas	March 5, 1860
John A. Dix	Jan. 11, 1861
Salmon P. Chase	March 7, 1861
William Pitt Fessenden	July 1, 1864
Hugh McCulloch	March 7, 1865
George S. Boutwell	March 5, 1869
William A. Richardson	March 17, 1873
Benjamin H. Bristow	June 4, 1874
Lot M. Morrill	July 7, 1876
John Sherman	March 8, 1877
William Windom	March 5, 1881
Charles J. Folger	Sept. 24, 1881
Walter Q. Gresham	Sept. 24, 1884
Hugh McCulloch	Oct. 28, 1884
Daniel Manning	March 6, 1885
Charles S. Fairchild	April 1, 1887
William Windom	March 6, 1889

SECRETARIES OF WAR.

Henry Knox	Sept. 12, 1789
Timothy Pickering	Jan. 2, 1795
James McHenry	Jan. 27, 1796
Samuel Dexter	May 13, 1800
Roger Griswold	Feb. 3, 1801
Henry Dearborn	March 5, 1801
William Eustis	March 7, 1809
John Armstrong	Jan. 13, 1813
James Monroe	Sept. 27, 1814
William H. Crawford	Aug. 1, 1815
George Graham	ad interim
John C. Calhoun	Oct. 8, 1817
James Barbour	March 7, 1825
Peter B. Porter	May 26, 1828
John H. Eaton	March 9, 1829
Lewis Cass	Aug. 1, 1831
Joel R. Poinsett	March 7, 1837
John Bell	March 5, 1841
John C. Spencer	Oct. 12, 1844
James M. Porter	March 8, 1845
William Wilkins	Feb. 15, 1844
William L. Marcy	March 6, 1845
George W. Crawford	March 8, 1849
Charles M. Conrad	Aug. 15, 1850
James Madison	March 6, 1853
John B. Floyd	March 6, 1857
Joseph Holt	Jan. 18, 1861
Simon Cameron	March 5, 1862
Edwin M. Stanton	Jan. 15, 1862
Ulysses S. Grant, ad interim	Aug. 12, 1867
Lorenzo Thomas, ad interim	Feb. 21, 1868
John M. Schofield	May 28, 1868
John A. Rawlins	March 13, 1869
William T. Sherman	Oct. 25, 1869
Alphonso Taft	March 8, 1876
James D. Cameron	May 22, 1876
George W. Crary	March 12, 1877
Alexander Ramsey	Dec. 10, 1879
Robert T. Lincoln	March 5, 1881
William C. Endicott	March 6, 1885
Redfield Proctor	March 5, 1889

SECRETARIES OF THE NAVY.

Benjamin Stoddard	May 21, 1798
Robert Smith	July 15, 1801
J. Crowninshield	March 3, 1805
Paul Hamilton	March 7, 1809
William Jones	Jan. 12, 1813
B. W. Crowninshield	Dec. 19, 1814
Smith Thompson	Nov. 9, 1818
Samuel L. Southard	Sept. 16, 1823
John Branch	March 9, 1829
Levi Woodbury	May 23, 1831
Mahlon Dickerson	June 30, 1834
James K. Paulding	June 25, 1838
George E. Badger	March 5, 1841
Abel P. Upshur	Sept. 13, 1841
David Henshaw	July 24, 1843
Thomas W. Gilmer	Feb. 15, 1844
John Y. Mason	March 14, 1844
George Bancroft	March 10, 1845
John Y. Mason	Sept. 9, 1846
William B. Preston	March 8, 1849
William A. Graham	July 22, 1850
John P. Kennedy	July 22, 1852
James C. Dobbin	March 7, 1853
Isaac Toucey	March 6, 1857
Gideon Welles	March 5, 1861
Adolph E. Borie	March 5, 1869
George M. Robeson	June 25, 1869
Richard W. Thompson	March 12, 1877
Nathan Goff, Jr.	Jan. 6, 1881
William H. Hunt	March 5, 1881
William E. Chandler	April 1, 1882
William C. Whitney	March 6, 1885
Benjamin F. Tracy	March 5, 1889

SECRETARIES OF THE INTERIOR.

Thomas Ewing	March 8, 1849
Alexander H. H. Stewart	Sept. 12, 1850
Robert McClelland	March 7, 1853
Jacob Thompson	March 6, 1857
Caleb B. Smith	March 5, 1861
John P. Usher	Jan. 8, 1863
James Harlan	May 15, 1865
Orville H. Browning	July 27, 1866
John P. Cox	March 5, 1869
Columbus Delano	Nov. 1, 1870
Zachariah Chandler	Oct. 19, 1873
Carl Schurz	March 12, 1877
Samuel J. Kirkwood	March 5, 1881
Henry M. Teller	April 17, 1882
L. Q. C. Lamar	March 6, 1885
William F. Vilas	Jan. 16, 1888
John W. Noble	March 5, 1889

POSTMASTERS GENERAL.

Samuel Osgood	Sept. 26, 1789
Timothy Pickering	Aug. 12, 1791
Joseph Habersham	Feb. 25, 1795
Gideon Granger	Nov. 28, 1801
Return J. Meigs, jr.	March 17, 1814
John McLean	June 26, 1823
William T. Barry	March 9, 1829
Amos Kendall	May 25, 1835
John M. Niles	March 6, 1841
Francis Granger	March 5, 1841
Charles A. Wickliffe	Sept. 13, 1841
Cave Johnson	March 6, 1845
Jacob Collamer	March 8, 1849
Nathan K. Hall	July 23, 1850
Samuel D. Hubbard	Aug. 31, 1852
James Campbell	March 5, 1853
Aaron V. Brown	March 6, 1857
Joseph Holt	March 14, 1859
Horatio King	Feb. 12, 1861
Montgomery Blair	March 5, 1861
William Dennison	Sept. 24, 1864
Alexander W. Randall	July 25, 1866
John A. J. Cresswell	March 5, 1869
Marshall Jewell	Aug. 24, 1874
James N. Tyner	July 12, 1876
David McK. Key	March 12, 1877
Horace Maynard	June 2, 1880
Thomas L. James	March 5, 1881
Timothy O. Howe	Dec. 20, 1881
Walter Q. Gresham	April 3, 1883
Frank Hatton	Oct. 14, 1884
William F. Vilas	March 6, 1885
Don M. Dickinson	Jan. 16, 1888
John Wanamaker	March 5, 1889

ATTORNEYS GENERAL.

Edmund Randolph	Sept. 26, 1789
William Bradford	Jan. 27, 1794
Charles Lee	Dec. 10, 1795
Theophilus Parsons	Feb. 20, 1801
Levi Lincoln	March 5, 1801
Robert Smith	March 3, 1805
John Breckinridge	Aug. 7, 1805
Cæsar A. Rodney	Jan. 28, 1807
William Pinckney	Dec. 11, 1811
Richard Rush	Feb. 10, 1814
William Wirt	Nov. 13, 1817
John M. Berrien	March 9, 1829
Roger B. Taney	July 20, 1831
Benjamin F. Butler	Nov. 15, 1833
Felix Grundy	July 5, 1838
Henry D. Gilpin	Jan. 11, 1840
John J. Crittenden	March 5, 1841
Hugh S. Legare	Sept. 13, 1841
John Nelson	July 1, 1843
John Y. Mason	March 6, 1845
Nathan Clifford	Oct. 17, 1846
Isaac Toucey	June 21, 1848
Reverdy Johnson	March 8, 1849
John J. Crittenden	July 22, 1850
Caleb Cushing	March 7, 1853
Jeremiah S. Black	March 6, 1857
Edwin M. Stanton	Dec. 20, 1860
Edward Bates	March 5, 1861
Titian J. Coffey, ad interim	June 22, 1863
James Speed	Dec. 2, 1864
Henry Stanbery	July 23, 1866
William M. Evarts	July 15, 1868
E. Rockwood Hoar	March 5, 1869
Amos T. Akerman	June 23, 1870
George H. Williams	Dec. 14, 1871
Edwards Pierrepont	April 26, 1875
Alphonso Taft	May 22, 1876
Charles Devens	March 12, 1877
Wayne MacVeagh	March 5, 1881
Benjamin H. Brewster	Dec. 19, 1881
Augustus H. Garland	March 6, 1885
W. H. H. Miller	March 5, 1889

SECRETARIES OF AGRICULTURE.

Norman J. Coleman	Feb. 11, 1889
Jeremiah M. Rusk	March 5, 1889

All About Civil Service Examinations.

H. J. H., Ontario, N. Y., and others: We give the following general information on the civil service examinations, and request every one concerned to take it for a final answer, and not to write further about it: The commission appoints examining boards for Washington and for each State and Territory where examinations are to take place, each board consisting of not less than three persons who are in the official service of the United States, and who reside in such state or territory. The address of the commission is Washington, D. C. There are three branches of the public service classified under the civil service act. 1.—Officers classified in the departments at Washington are designated as "the classified department service." Those classified under any collector, naval officer, surveyor or appraiser in any customs district, are designated as "the classified customs service." 3.—Those classified under any postmaster are designated as "the classified postal service."

The Classified Departmental Service embraces all places in the departments at Washington, excepting messengers, laborers, workmen, and watchmen not including any person designated as a skilled laborer or workman), and no person so employed can, without examination under the rules, be assigned to clerical duty, and also excepting those appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The Classified Customs Service embraces the customs districts where the officials are as many as fifty, including the places giving $900 a year, and all those giving a larger salary where the appointee is not subject to confirmation by the senate. The Classified Postal Service embraces the postoffices where the officials are as many as fifty, including all places above the grade of a laborer.

For places in the classified service, where technical addition qualifications are needed, special examinations are held. In the departmental service they are held for the state department, the pension, patent and signal offices, geological and coast surveys, and other offices.

Applicants for examination must be citizens of the United States of the proper age. No person habitually using intoxicating liquors can be appointed. A discrimination is made on account of sex, color, or political or religious opinions. The limitations of age are; For the department service, not under 20 years; in the the customs service, not under 21 years, except clerks and messengers, who must not be under 20 years; and in the postal service, not under 18 years, except messengers, stampers, and other junior assistants, who must not be under 16 nor over 45 years, and carriers, who must not be und r 21 nor over 40.

Every one seeking to be examined must first file an application blank. Address a letter to "Secretary U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.," asking for an application blank, and stating what position you wish to apply for. The blank will be sent you. You will fill it out and return it, and you will be notified when and where to present yourself for examination. The blank for the customs or postal services must be requested, in writing, by the persons desiring examination, of the customs or postal collectors or Examiners at the office where service is sought. The papers should be returned to the officers from whom they emanated.

The applicants to enter the services designated are examined as to their relative capacity and fitness. The general or clerk examinations are used only in the customs and departmental services for clerkships of $1,000 and upward, requiring no peculiar information of skill. Examination is confined to following subjects: First, orthography, penmanship, and copying; second, arithmetic—fundamental rules, fractions and percentage; third, interest, discount and elements of bookkeeping and of accounts; fourth, elements of the English language, letter-writing and the proper construction of sentences; fifth, elements of the geography, history and government of the United States. For places in which a lower degree of education suffices, as for surveyors, for copyists and those below the grade of clerks in custom-houses, and in the departments at Washington, the commission limits the examination to less than five subjects, omitting the third and parts of the fourth and fifth. Only such of this is known as the "limited examination."

No one is certified for appointment whose standing upon a just examination is less than 70 per centum of complete proficiency, except that applicants claiming military or naval preference under section 1754, R. S., need obtain but 65. The law also prescribes competitive examinations, to test the fitness of persons in passing, for promotion therein. Persons thus examined and found qualified are graded and registered. The commission gives a certificate to the person, stated whether he passed or failed to pass.

Where there is a vacancy to be filled, the appointing officer applies to the commission or proper examining board, and it reports to him the names of the persons graded highest on the proper register of those in his branch of the service and requiring examination from the said three a selection must be made. Every appointment is made for a probationary period of six months, at the end of which time, if the conduct and capacity of the person appointed have been found satisfactory, the appointment is made absolute.

The following are excepted from examination or appointment: Confidential clerks of heads of departments or officers, cashiers, collectors and postmasters, superintendents of money order divisions in postoffices, custodians of money, for whose fidelity another officer is under bond, disbursing officers who give bonds, persons in the secret service, deputy collectors and superintendents and chiefs of divisions or bureaus, and a few others. 2.—It is impossible for us to ascertain the dates of civil service examinations in the different states. The are held at irregular intervals, at the pleasure of the commission.

Publishing a Book.

D. H. A., Cove, O., writes: "1.—Name all the requirements in writing a book. 2.—Name the necessary steps in having it published."

1.—The book must be written carefully on square letter paper, in single sheets, on one side of each sheet, the pages numbered consecutively, the number placed in the middle at the top. The copy must be plain and clearly written, punctuated, capitalized and punctuated, with paragraphs marked; use first-class paper, and deep black or violet ink; do not interline, nor crowd the writing. Pack the manuscript without folding, and send by mail or express, if a pamphlet. 2.—The difficulty lies in getting a publisher. There are five or six times as many books written every year as are published; the market is overstocked with authors, etc. Look over list of publishers, in book catalogues, advertisements, etc., and note the class of works each publishes. Then send it, prepaid, to the one you select, accompanied by a letter, explaining briefly the nature of the work, and asking him if he will have it read with a view to publishing in book form. Possibly he will decline even to have it read, and send it back. If so, try the next publisher, and so on. Most publishing houses employ several "readers," whose duty it is to read MSS, and determine whether it is available or not. If the first one makes an unfavorable report, the MS is rejected. If favorable, it is generally sent to a second reader, and sometimes to a third. If all are favorable, then the publisher is ready to negotiate for the publication. He will discuss terms, and you will be wise not to attempt to set any price on it yourself. Generally the author gets 10 per cent of the receipts. An edition is 500 or 1,000, generally the latter. Many publishers, however, are reluctant to undertake the expense of bringing out a book by an unknown author, at their own expense, but will offer to publish it if you will pay the expense of getting out the edition. In this case, of course, the author's share of the receipts is much larger than 10 per cent. Two words of caution: First, have your MS. written on a type-writer, if possible; it will materially enhance the chances of publishers having it read. Second, don't expect to make any money out of the venture, for in nine cases out of ten you will be disappointed if you do.

What Darwinism Is.

J. R. G., Walnut Hill, Tenn.: Charles Darwin, F. R. S., was an English naturalist of the highest eminence. In his book, "The Origin of Species by Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle of Life," he took the ground that the various species of plants and animals, instead of each being specially created, are continually but slowly changing, through a process of adaptation, by which those varieties that are in any way better fitted for the conditions of their life, survive and thrive at the expense of the less favored ones. Darwin considered this process capable, in connection with others, of explaining how all existing species of plants and animals may have descended from one, or very few, low forms of life. This process of progress from lower to higher forms is called "the theory of evolution." It proceeds upon the fact that the increase of animals and plants by reproduction vastly exceeds the space for and means of their existence, and hence there is a perpetual struggle. Success is not a matter of chance, but depends upon certain conditions that may be determined. The individuals and varieties which have greater vigor or agility, or are better adapted to their surroundings, will live and reproduce themselves; the others will perish. Darwin calls this process "natural selection," and Prof. Huxley calls it "the survival of the fittest."

The Good Templars.

J. F. R. Carleton, Neb., writes, in answer to a recent query: "The Independent Order of Good Templars began in central New York in the year 1851, with the single object of opposing intemperance by every available means. Its principles are: 1.—Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. 2.—No license in any form to sell such liquors as a beverage. 3.—The absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of such liquors for such purposes. 4.—The creation of a healthy public opinion against them. 5.—The election of good, honest men to administer the laws. 6.—Persistent efforts to save individuals. The order reached its height in 1875, when it had 735,000 members. They have lodges in the United States, Great Britain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, India, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands and in many other places."

Perpetual Motion Again,

C. W., Woonsocket, S. D., sends a drawing of his design for a "perpetual motion," and asks an opinion. The principle is very old; in fact, the oldest contrivance on record for perpetual motion—made by Villars de Honecourt, an architect of the 15th century, embraces it, and it was revived by Cooper, of Bologna, in 1678. Our correspondent has merely modified it. His contrivance is simply a wheel with eight or more arms, on the end of each a weight, so arranged that those on the descending side are farther from the center of motion, and hence have more leverage than those on the ascending side. The fallacy in C. W.'s design is this: His arrangement for drawing back the weights on the ascending side takes just as much power as is gained by their increased distance on the other side. This drawing back is accomplished by gravity on a second weight attached to each arm, and if he will think a little he will see it takes just as much force to draw them in *against* gravitation on the ascending side as is gained by their increased leverage on the descending side. This is demonstrable by mathematics. Hence, the design is useless, as all other "perpetual motions" must be, for they all involve the same fallacy. 2.—The naval academy question is answered elsewhere.

How to Obtain a Copyright.

E. B. L., Milford, Ill.: 1.—To obtain a copyright for a book, get a title-page printed, (just a single page) which you will send in a letter, in which your name and postoffice address are distinctly stated, and whether you claim copyright as author or proprietor, accompanied by a fee of $1, addressed to "Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C." A printer can print you a title-page, or a new one, made on a type-writer, will be accepted; but one made with pen or pencil will not do. The name of the publisher, of course, is not needed. You will receive by mail a certificate of copyright. The fee for recording is 50 cents, and for the certificate 50 cents. Be sure to pay postage on your letter. Within ten days after the publication of the book, two copies must be sent, to perfect the copyright, postage prepaid, to the Librarian of Congress. Without the deposit of these two copies, the copyright is void, and a penalty of $25 is incurred. Notice that the book is copyrighted must also be printed in it. A copyright runs 28 years, but it may then be renewed for 14 years more, making 42 years in all.

2.—You must consult a lawyer. 3.—No one can do more than guess.

Knights of the Golden Circle.

J. L. P., Covington, Ind.: 1.—An organization known as the Knights of the Golden Circle existed at the South before the war, composed of men opposed to the North and anxious for secession. About 1862 it extended to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and elsewhere in the West, its object being to hinder the draft of soldiers. The order had different names, and finally that of Order of American Knights, organized by C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and P. C. Wright, of New York. Its object was to resist the draft, encourage desertions of Union soldiers, and the raising of regiments of Confederates and recruiting soldiers for them, and finally to set up a Northwestern Confederacy. Its secrets being learned by the government, in 1864 it was reorganized as the Sons of Liberty, which, according to different estimates, from 350,000 to 800,000 members. It ended with the collapse of the rebellion. 2.—The eagle has for centuries been considered the symbol of freedom, and hence was taken as the device of our flag. 3.—"Wild-cat money" was the term applied to the bills of private banks, before the organization of the national banking system, because they were so often worthless.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis.

A reader sends us the following additional facts and corrections to our reply in the BUREAU of July 13 concerning the U. S. Naval Academy: "One cadet for Annapolis is appointed every six years from each Congressional district, by the representative, and there are ten appointed at large, besides one for the District of Columbia, which are vested in the President; also one cadet for each territory. Candidates must be between the ages of 15 and 20 years, and must pass an examination in reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic, English grammar, United states history and algebra, besides a very rigid physical examination. The pay of a naval cadet is $500 a year, and if he graduates high enough in his class he will get an appointment to fill a vacancy in the lower grades of the line and engineer corps of the navy, and of the marine corps."

Money in the Bank of England.

Mrs. J., ——, Mo., writes: "Will you please inform me where to write to get a list of the names of persons who have money in the bank of England?" We have seen articles published the fact that there is no money in the Bank of England for any unknown heirs or other claimants. Swindlers have been for years using this method of guiling people, and in 1884 or '85, the state department requested the then minister to England, James Russell Lowell, to make inquiries about the matter, as the department was receiving so many requests for government aid in recovering lost imaginary funds. Mr. Lowell entered into an official correspondence with the British government and the officials of the Bank of England. It was made clear that there is no money in the Bank of England belonging to American heirs, or to any unknown persons. The BLADE published the matter at the time. 2.—Letter postage to England is 5 cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof.

Our Colored Citizens.

"Colored Subscriber," Manhattan, Kan., asks: "1.—Don't you think the colored people of the United States have a right to and should observe all national holidays? 2.—According to the Inter-State Commerce law, have southern railroads a right to establish separate coaches for colored people, even though the accommodations are the same as are provided for white travelers?"

1.—Certainly they should. 2.—We believe the Inter-State Commerce commission has so decided. Whether this would stand the legal test can only be determined by such a case and taking it to the Supreme court of the United States. The constitution makes no distinction of citizens on account of race, color, or previous condition; but whether the Supreme court would decide that there was an illegitimate distinction made in this case, we can not say.

Why This Is the Nineteenth Century.

W. R. F., Danville, Ill., wants to know what century we are living in, and our reasons for saying so. Well, we are living in the nineteenth century. The 1st century began with the first day of the year 1, and ended on the last day of the year 100. The 2d century began with the first day of the year 101, and ended on the last day of the year 200. The 3d century began with the first day of the year 201, and ended with the last day of the year 300; and so on, till the 19th century, which began on the first day of the year 1801, and will end with December 31, 1900. If W. R. F. will study this carefully, he will see exactly how it is. It is just the same as with a person's age. He enters his 19th year the day after his 18th birthday; but he is not 19 until his next birthday. No answers by mail. Read Rules above.

"Castles in Spain."

N. D., Malta, asks.: "How did the phrase, 'castles in Spain,' originate?" This question is a "chestnut," and has been answered twice since January 1 last. We will reply for the third and last time: It came into the English language from the French phrase, *les châteaux en Espagne*, to characterize groundless or visionary projects. This is a modern form of a fifteenth century phrase, with the same signification—*faire des chateaux en Asie*, "to build castles in Asia." The origin of these phrases is only conjectural. One theory is that adventurers would claim to be the wealthy owners of estates and castles in Spain, and endeavor to humbug people into swindling schemes. Any one theory is as good as another when no one knows the facts.

The Great Eastern.

J. F., Shirley: The largest ship ever built, the Great Eastern, was designed and constructed by Scott Russell, at Maxwell, on the Thames, England. Work on the giant vessel was commenced in May, 1854. She was successfully launched January 13, 1858. The launching alone occupied the time from November 3, 1857, until the date above given. Her total length was 600 feet; breadth, 118 feet; total weight when launched, 12,000 tons. Her first trip of any consequence was made to New York in 1859-60. She never paid her owners, and this year was sold for old iron, and broken up. This ends the Great Eastern as far as the Bureau is concerned.

A Queer Error.

R. B., Glenmary, Tenn., asks: "As Prince Albert died in 1861, and Queen Victoria had a son born in 1869, is it known who his father was?" You are entirely mistaken. Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, did Dec. 14, 1861, but the Queen's youngest child is Princess Beatrice, born April 14, 1857, nearly five years before her father's death. You probably refer to the birth of Prince Albert John, on Feb. 26, 1869, son of the Priest Heiton, the second daughter of Queen Victoria, and who is the wife of Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein. No well-informed person supposes for an instant that Queen Victoria's life has been anything but entirely pure and virtuous.

Positions as Census-Takers.

R. L. N., Newark, Mo.: 1.—As we understand it, the census enumerators will be recommended by the supervisors, of whom there will be 179 (we think), each having control of a separate district; they will recommend persons to the Inter-State Commerce law, have southern railroads a right to establish separate coaches for colored people, even though the accommodations are the same as are provided for white travelers?"

1.—Certainly they should. 2.—We believe the Inter-State Commerce commission has so decided. Whether this would stand the legal test can only be determined by such a case and taking it to the Supreme court of the United States. The constitution makes no distinction of citizens on account of race, color, or previous condition; but whether the Supreme court would decide that there was an illegitimate distinction made in this case, we can not say.

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The "Merrimac" and "Monitor" Battle.

L. L., Hartwick, Iowa: When Norfolk navy yard was abandoned to the rebels in 1861, the wooden war ship Merrimac was scuttled and sunk. The rebels raised her, cut down her sides, and made her an ironclad ram. On March 8, 1862, she steamed out into Hampton Roads, sunk the U. S. frigate Cumberland by ramming, and destroyed the frigate Congress. On the 9th she attacked the frigate Minnesota, but the Monitor had arrived during the night, and after a fierce conflict the rebel ram was compelled to withdraw in a partially disabled condition.

How to Apply for a Postoffice.

J. W. H., Red Ash, Ky.: To apply for a fourth-class postoffice, get up a petition, stating who you are, your politics, what you have done for your party, your standing in the community, and certifying that you are a trustworthy, reliable man, in every way a proper person to have the office, and then get as many signatures as you can from the patrons of the office, especially the business men, men of political prominence, etc., and of all politics. Have it presented to the Postmaster General, and, if possible, get the aid of your congressman in your behalf.

To Obtain Books.

L. F. P., Monticello, Mo.: We are weary of saying that we will *not* reply by mail, and that we will *not* give addresses in the BUREAU, because this would be to give free advertising to the publishers. If you want books get a bookseller to order them; if no bookseller is convenient write to any publisher named in the column of "Recent Literature," on the 2d page of each issue of the Weekly BLADE, inclosing stamp for reply. They are all well-known firms, and the street number is not necessary (unless given).

Ezra, Chap. vii, Verse 21.

G. W. F., Hanging Rock, O., writes: "R. E. J., Mooresburg, Tenn., will find that Ezra vii, 21, contains all the letters of the alphabet except j. The Bible has 3,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 65 books. The word Lord occurs 1,855 times, the word Reverend occurs once, in Psalm cxi, 9; the middle verse is Psalm cxviii, 8; the longest verse is Esther viii, 9; the shortest verse is John, xi, 35."

Miscellaneous.

A. C., Cassville, O.: We are very sorry we cannot inform you.

J. L. M., Balm, Pa.: We do not think clover-seed is ever used for any purpose except for sowing.

W. C. C., Burton, W. Va.: You will find your answer under the head, "The Kangaroo," in the Bureau of July 18.

G. J. N., Monmouth, Ill., asks: "What did the big San Diego flume cost?" Will some reader who knows inform us?

M. D. L. B., Johnson City, Tenn., asks for "a recipe for a good preparation to put on leaf tobacco before it is twisted or rolled up." Will some one send us a recipe for publication?

C. H., Torch, O.: 1.—Plastering mixed for a year is not as good as fresh-mixed, and would not be used in a first-class job. Your second question has been handled to the Farm editor.

H. T. C., Baldwinsville, N. Y.: The address of any publishing firm, as given in "Recent Literature," on the 2d page of the Weekly BLADE, is sufficient to carry a letter, without street number.

W. W., Parsons, Kan.: So far as we recall, congress never passed any bill intended to hinder speculation in gold, during the war era. We think you are in error in supposing that such was the case.

L. A. D., Port Byron, N. Y.: If you can give the date of the paper in which it appeared we will try to find a back number for you. We cannot find it unless you give the date, and cannot republish articles.

M. J. C., Windham, Iowa: Dealers in coins offer no premium for the nickel on which the word "cents" was omitted. The value of such coins is only in their rarity, and this nickel is not rare. There were many thousands of them issued.

S. F., Duttan, Ark., desires the proper spelling of the word "chinkens"—the name of a pine tree native to Arkansas. We are unable to find it in any book of reference, and will be obliged if some reader who knows will send us the correct orthography.

Sub., Parsons, Kan.: To clean steel and brass, scrub them thoroughly in water acidulated with sulphuric acid. Don't let the latter get on your skin or clothes. We do not know how to prevent the tin from being lumpy in coating such articles by dipping.

A. T. G., North Wichita, Kan.: You will find full directions for obtaining a patent in the BUREAU of July 4. There are no "branch" patent offices. The Patent Office is at Washington. If, when you apply, a model is required, you will be sent directions as to its size.

J. K. W., Toledo, O.: There are two electric street railways at Detroit, but both outside the city limits. One runs from Elmwood cemetery to Grosse Isle, on Jefferson Ave. and Lake St. Clair, and the other from the end of the street car track on Woodward avenue, to Highland Park.

Subscriber, Jerusalem, O., writes: "On my farm, after a heavy rain, the water on the swampy ground is covered with a scum like black oil. What is the cause?" We do not know. Skim off the oil, fill a bottle with it, and have some chemist analyze it. That is what we should do in your case.

Reader, Delta, Col.: 1.—Mrs Grover Cleveland has never had any children. 2.—The name of the state is correctly spelled Arkansas, but it is pronounced Arkansaw; for example, "phlegm" is the correct spelling of the word pronounced "flem." 3.—We do not know of any.

V. B., Toledo, O.: We merely wished to warn you that all schemes to take workmen to other countries ought to be investigated minutely before engaging in them. We can express no opinion whatever about the company you mention, as we know nothing about it, nor could we find out without writing to Dubuque. We only ask you to be certain for yourself before you engage in any such scheme.

A. J. G., ——: 1.—The White House, the residence of the President of the United states, is built of freestone, and is painted white, in imitation of marble, from which circumstance it takes its popular name. It is two stories high, 170 feet long by 80 feet wide. 2.—There are United States land offices at Detroit, East Saginaw, Reed City and Marquette, in Michigan; and in Wisconsin at Menasha, Falls of St. Croix, Wausau, LaCrosse, Bayfield and Eau Claire.

C. E. B., Leonidas, ——: 1.—It is true that the United States Supreme court has decided that it is unconstitutional for any state to impose a tax upon traveling salesmen, but we can not give the text of the decision. You must apply to some lawyer who has a set of United States Reports. 2.—We do not know the name of the author. The true meaning of the words "mascot" and "mascotte" was given, for the fifth and last time, in the Bureau of June 27.

N. A. H., Dayton: The phraseology of election laws, to fix Tuesday after the first Monday," has no good reason for existing, except that it prevents the election ever being held on the 1st day of the month. When the 1st comes on Monday, the election is on the 2d; hence the 1st is also one of the days of election on the Tuesday within the week from the 2d to the 8th of the month.

E. K., Carthage, Ill.: To temper edge tools in lead, c

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.00. Every seventh copy free, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

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☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 103,000.

GET UP CLUBS FOR THREE MONTHS.

As is announced elsewhere, we repeat the opening chapter of Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S story, "The Demagogue," in THE BLADE of this week.

In order that many thousand new readers may join the great BLADE family, we have made a special THREE MONTHS' club rate for the Weekly BLADE at an extremely low rate.

Agents, Postmasters and others will do well to write to us for special club terms AT ONCE. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE ONE GREAT NEED IN REGARD TO PROHIBITION.

THE BLADE has for a long time felt that the friends of Prohibition were proceeding unwisely in spending their efforts in inducing state legislatures to submit propositions for constitutional Prohibitory amendments, and thus bringing on campaigns which could only end in defeat. It was perfectly natural, however, that they should do this. It is a trait of human nature. When we believe wholly and entirely in a principle, we are prone to think that other people will, as soon as it is brought to their attentive consideration, also believe in it and act on that belief—or that, if they oppose it, it is from sinister and interested motives, rather than from sincere disbelief. Unconsciously, no doubt, but quite certainly, this attitude of mind has had much to do with the forcing of the Prohibition issue to a vote in several states within the past two years. It is clear now that in not more than a single one of these was there a sufficiently pronounced public sentiment in favor of Prohibition to render a vote advisable—and that state is Michigan. In all others that have voted on this question within two years and a half, the thing to do was not to force a vote, but to build up Prohibition sentiment.

It is perfectly clear to us that work must proceed on the educational line, rather than be wasted in campaigns wherein defeat is assured. It is not good generalship to bring on a pitched battle with an enemy of superior numbers. So plain a proposition needs no discussion. Before engaging him we must recruit our forces. How? By bringing men first to a realizing knowledge of the evils of the Rum traffic; and, second, by convincing them that these evils cannot be remedied so long as that traffic continues. That is the work that needs doing; that is the line on which every energy should be spent. The election this year show clearly to every thinking, unprejudiced man, that those who have reached the point of realizing that the only remedy for the evils of the traffic is the radical one of Prohibition, are in the minority. Campaigns like those in New Hampshire, in Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania and in Rhode Island, do not add numerical strength to the ranks of Prohibition. Men do not flock to the standard of a defeated cause.

Probably the first word that rises to the lips of the Prohibitionist who has read thus far is, "But an educational campaign will take so much time! And all the while men are being ruined, body and soul, through the continuance of the traffic! We must reach Prohibition more quickly!" Ah, would that we might, brother! But how can it be reached otherwise? Are we to go on, fighting hopeless battles year by year? How long will it take to reach Prohibition by that line, good friend? THE BLADE knows perfectly well that so long as the saloon exists men will fall its victims. We know that the longer it exists the stronger the Rum Power intrenches itself. Hence, wherever there is a state which has only a minority of Prohibitionists, we are in favor of any measure that will curb the Rum Power, and which regulates the traffic, no matter what it be. We favor high license rather than the untaxed saloon and free whisky. We prefer Prohibition to license; but if we can not have Prohibition, we are willing to take license until we get strong enough to abolish the saloon entirely.

This government is founded on the principle of the rule of the majority. What a majority of the voters decide upon, that is the law of the land. It is a waste of time to discuss the pros and cons of this matter. If a majority is against Prohibition, there will be no Prohibition; that is the point that needs to be clearly understood. In Pennsylvania, for instance, a big majority was cast against the amendment. A man would brand himself as either a fool or an ignoramus who would say that there was anything but a fair election, or that a majority of the voters of that state are either the tools or victims of the saloon. The fact must be faced that there are thousands and tens of thousands of good, honest citizens of that state who did not oppose the amendment because they are drinking men, because of political prejudice, because of anything else except that they are not convinced that Prohibition is the only remedy for the evils of the traffic. There are Democrats, there are Republicans, there are good Christians—honest, temperate men and good citizens—in Pennsylvania who voted against the amendment, and at least enough to them to defeat it.

There is but one sensible line of action to be taken in such a case—and that is the one indicated above. They must be convinced that the saloon is an evil, the cause of poverty, misery, vice and crime, and that these results cannot be avoided so long as the cause exists; and that the only way to remove the cause is to prohibit the manufacture and sale of Rum. The longer high license is tried, the sooner its failure to remove the evils of the traffic will become plain to the people. The friends of Prohibition must remember that they are in advance of public sentiment on this question. They must labor to bring the majority into the front ranks. Then the time will be ripe to bring on a contest with the hosts of the saloon, for victory will be as assured as defeat is now. The majority rules; and when that majority is heartily in favor of Prohibition, it will be easy, not only to adopt amendments and to pass laws in conformity therewith, but to enforce those laws and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

AN English syndicate has bought more American breweries. It expects Americans, however, to buy the beer.

JAY GOULD says he has all the railroads he wants. Look out to see him gobble one or two lines within a week or two.

WHY WE REPEAT

The Opening Chapters of Mr. Locke's Story This Week.

But We Give the Second Instalment in Addition.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

The Story Received with Great Favor Already.

The Great Literary Sensation of the Present Year.

We found, a few hours before going to press with this week's issue of THE BLADE, that the demand for copies of last week's issue, containing the first chapter of "The Demagogue," was so much greater than we had anticipated, that the supply of back numbers would be exhausted within a very few days. We know, too, that now is the harvest-time, and that people are busy as bees, and that many have neglected to get up clubs who intend doing so within a few days—as soon as the rush of securing crops is over. Hence we wish to be prepared to supply the demand that is sure to come for back numbers containing the opening of Mr. LOCKE'S story; and as the type of the first chapter was still standing, we have repeated it in to-day's issue, and shall print a sufficiently large number to supply the demand that is sure to come.

Those readers of THE BLADE in and near Toledo—and their name is legion—whom we have met all express in the strongest terms their satisfaction with the opening chapter. It is recognized as not only true to life and to the locality at the time in which its scene is laid, but it is full of those quaint thoughts, these peculiar expressions, which are characteristic of Mr. LOCKE'S writings. Those of THE BLADE'S readers who recall with pleasure and appreciation the masterly delineation of men and their motives that gave that unique series, the "Nasby" letters, such tremendous popularity, and made them a political power second to none in the land, will recognize the same master hand in the pages of "The Demogogue."

We wish *everybody* to read "The Demagogue." Subscribe AT ONCE, so as to get it complete.

Special Request.

Send us *at once* the names of every one you can think of, with their postoffice addresses, that we may mail to each a sample copy of this issue of THE BLADE, with the opening chapter. We are sending out many thousand copies of this week's paper, and wish to send out many thousands more. We will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us at once a list of names.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Mr. MORGAN, the Indian commissioner, proposes to change the present method of managing the schools for Indian children. He is in favor of a system of non-partisan public schools, exclusively under government control. He will, as opportunities present themselves, substitute the system of government schools controlled directly by the Indian bureau, for the contract school system. He has renewed for the coming year most of the contracts with religious organizations already existing. He was obliged to do this, because he has not at once the means to substitute government schools for the existing ones, but he has refused to extend the contract system to new schools.

There are now about 50 boarding schools conducted under contract, and about 160 under the exclusive care of government teachers. Gen. Morgan says that he does not anticipate any difficulty over the principle that teachers should be appointed from the states within which the schools are situated, and he does not feel bound by any such rule. While giving the preference to residents of the state, he will not appoint an incompetent teacher because he or she is a resident of the state, nor refuse to appoint a competent one because he or she is not a resident.

We are glad to see an effort making to abolish the system of contract schools under church domination. The divorce of church and state cannot be complete, nor can it be continued, if the churches are allowed an entering wedge in the Indian schools. A public school is not to teach religion. Let the churches take care of that. There is still a wide ignorance, or rather lack of comprehension, of the real scope of the constitutional provision securing tolerance of religious belief in United States.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

THE Virginia Democrats are worrying about their state platform. The Democratic voters are divided on the tariff question, and a free trade plank, such as an endorsement of the St. Louis platform would certainly be, would create widespread disaffection, and assure defeat; while to refuse to endorse the national platform would be an unheard-of proceeding. It would seem that the best course would be to dispense with a platform entirely this year. The Democratic party don't need a platform, anyway—for DONN PIATT says "the Democracy is nothing but an organized appetite for office," and he should know, for he has trained in its ranks for several years.

WHILE work has entirely ceased on the Panama canal, the Nicaragua project is steadily going forward. The work of building a railway to aid in the construction is now in progress, and about 700 men are at work on the canal itself. The misunderstanding between the governments of Costa Rica and Nicaragua is not regarded as serious, and the people of both little republics are heartily in favor of the canal. Yankee push and capital will make a success of the project, without doubt.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* calls on Kentucky Democrats to vote. Judging from the election returns, that is about all they have been doing for the last twenty-five years.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND ITS WORK.

The venerable Senator JUSTIN S. MORRILL, of Vermont, in a late magazine article, gives a terse and in all respects truthful and admirable synopsis of the policy which may be regarded as the special work of the Republican party, to be accomplished in the immediate future. It will afford food for thought for those half-ideal persons who are assuming that the Republican party's work lies in the past, rather than in the future. The record of Republicanism since 1861 has been so magnificent, so unparalleled in the history of American parties, that the unthinking are blinded by the brilliancy of the past, to the needs of the future; and possibly the creditable record of the party in the past, added to the fact that the Democratic party's record is a shameful one, have led many writers and speakers to dwell more on the glories of the Republican record for a quarter of a century than on the possibilities of the future, which are equally important. Senator MORRILL outlines the Republican programme as follows:

1. Its early work will be to equalize the revenue and expenditure.
2. It insists upon the reform of the civil service, begun under a Republican administration.
3. It will insist upon the bi-metallic standard, and upon maintaining the use and circulation of both gold and silver coinage.
4. It will heartily support protection of home industries and home labor.
5. It will favor the extension of the charters of national banks in any safe and proper way.
6. It proposes to stamp out the wickedness of polygamy wherever the United States government has the power.
7. It favors the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce.
8. It asserts that lawful citizenship is and must be the panoply and safeguard of him who wears it, and should protect him, whether high or low, rich or poor, in all of his civil rights at home and abroad.
9. It intends to take care that no men who have honorably worn the federal uniforms shall ever be inmates of an almshouse.
10. It will maintain the doctrine that the United States is a nation, and that in "maintaining our national rights and honor all governments are alike to us," however greatly they may differ in power.
11. It will cordially sustain all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality.
12. It will favor ocean mail service by American ships.
13. It will liberally support the building up of the navy to a standard of efficiency worthy of our country.
14. It will favor education, state and national.
15. It will also favor the exclusion of pauper and criminal immigrants.

There is in all this no note of reaction. It is all positive, progressive, meeting the demand of the honest, thinking masses of the American people that deficiencies shall be supplied and reforms promoted. And to that work the leading thought of the Republican party is committed.

SENATOR SHERMAN SPEAKS.

Senator SHERMAN has written a letter to a leading Ohio Republican in which he speaks in a manner not to be misunderstood as to his position and wishes for the coming campaign. The letter is as follows:

PARIS, July 13, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your interesting letter of the 30th, with inclosures, is received and read with attention. I have been observant of the proceedings of the convention at Columbus, and am entirely satisfied with the result.

The nomination of Governor Forsker came naturally from the division of opinion among the delegates as to other candidates. In the conditions shown the convention wisely selected a candidate who has already made three brilliant canvasses for the same office, and has shown marked ability as an executive officer as well as a speaker.

What is needed now is a hearty, earnest union of all Republicans to secure the success of the ticket.

I sincerely trust that no friend of mine will revive or recur to the differences of opinion in the Ohio delegation in the Chicago convention. All that is spent powder, and, while our Democratic friends may seek to create prejudice and division, our duty should be to unite, and to discourage all prejudice or contention.

Some disappointment and discontent may grow out of Federal appointments, but, after all, the people care but little who hold the offices, if they are good men. The strong points in the canvass will be the principles of the Republican party as contrasted with the want of principle in the Democratic party, and also the satisfactory action of the last Republican legislature compared with the previous Democratic one. Ohio is a Republican state, and there should be no doubt of the result in a canvass in which so much is at stake. I will, as a matter of course, do all I can to promote the election of the entire ticket, and will, after September 15, when I hope to be in Ohio, take such active part in the canvass as may seem proper and necessary.

Very truly yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

THE English are wrangling over the question whether the government shall make the money grants demanded for the daughter of the Prince of WALES on the occasion of her marriage to the Earl of FIFE. The proposition is the first that has been made for the pensioning of the grandchildren of Queen VICTORIA, and there is a division of sentiment on this, for if the first of the grandchildren to marry obtains state support, the remainder of the royal brood of the second generation will consider it a precedent, and confidently call for similar aid. The ministry favors the grant, without any qualification whatever; the moderate Liberals, with GLADSTONE at their head, agree to the present grant, with the understanding that it shall not be made a precedent; while the Radical wing of the Liberal party, of whom Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE is one, opposes this and all all other grants. It is a very pretty little muss, and has its ridiculous side to us, who are emancipated from the burden of hereditary rulers.

A MOST important rumor comes by cable from Europe to the effect that Turkey has practically joined the "Triple Alliance" of Germany, Austria and Italy, which is a combination to resist Russian aggression and French revenge. It is stated that the three powers guarantee Turkey against any loss of territory. Along with this news comes rumors of Russian intrigue in Servia. But if Turkey really has made such an arrangement, a check will be put, for the time at least, upon Russia's designs upon Constantinople. Still the completion of her great railway into Central Asia makes her march to the Indian Ocean much easier, and lessens the importance of Constantinople and the Bosphorous to her. England may have to fight with the legions of the Czar for the rich valley of the Indies and the integrity of her mighty Indian Empire.

OF the $37,600,000 in gold that went to Europe from the United States from April 27 to July 20, the banks furnished $5,700,000; the mines, for export, $12,900,000; the circulation, $19,000,000. While a portion of this outflow was caused by the large number of Americans who have gone abroad this year, the bulk of it was paid on imports, and the larger portion of this should have gone into the pockets of American workingmen instead of into those of their European competitors.

THE silver producers of the United States are discussing the propriety of holding a national convention this fall, with a view of endeavoring to obtain Congressional action on the silver question. There will be a revival of the effort to obtain free coinage of silver; but the indications just now are that they will not be successful.

THE salt trust certificates don't sell rapidly on Wall street. Mr. BUEL'S English friends will have to go down into their pockets if the trust is to be a success.

DON'T RISK IT.

In two or three weeks after the commencement of D. R. LOCKE'S new story, we expect to receive hundreds of subscriptions with the request to begin with this week's issue, containing its initial chapters. And we also fear that we will be unable to do so. Those who delay sending in their clubs run the risk of not obtaining the commencement of the story. Don't do it! Send in your clubs *now*, and there will be no danger. We shall supply all orders for back numbers cheerfully, of course, so long as we have them, but we shall not print an enormous number and run the risk of having no calls.

Send in clubs *at once*, and there will be no trouble.

THE YOUNGEST CONVICT.

A boy twelve years old in the penitentiary and, in it, serving a life sentence, is an awful thing to contemplate, yet such is the case of SINVILLE COMBS, the youngest convict in any prison in the United States. He has already served one year of his term, and as the telegraphic advices from Frankfort, Ky., where he is confined, tell the story, when he was sent up from Breathitt county last July he was eleven years old, and small for the age. Prison life has toughened him, both morally and physically. Young COMBS committed a crime that was fiendish, but he does not deserve the heavy punishment that has been inflicted on him. He killed his two-year-old sister in a brutal manner. The two were together alone. When the little tot started to crawl across the floor the boy picked up a stove-lid and mashed her skull with it. He then threw the body in the fireplace, intending to burn it. This process of cremation was too slow and he pulled it out and carried it to a small stream near the house, threw it in. When the little one's body was found SINVILLE admitted killing her. He was arrested and tried. On the stand, when asked why he had committed the crime, he stated that his stepfather had told him to do it and had promised him a new pair of boots. There was no other evidence against the stepfather, and as the boy was a confessed murderer his testimony could not have weight. There was but little doubt that young COMBS had told the truth, yet there was no law to punish the father, so the boy suffers. Many efforts have been made to have the governor pardon him, but thus far he has failed to act. When first sent up young COMBS had never heard of God, knew nothing of heaven or hell, and had never seen a school house. He can now read and write and talks like a very bright, intelligent boy. He does not seem to care for his imprisonment.

Here is a a chance for genuine philanthropy. Foolish women weep over hardened criminals, and waste flowers upon wilful murderers, but the attention that is thrown away in these instances would bear good fruit in this boy who committed a crime, "knowing not what he did."

THE more sagacious of the free trade organs are dropping the cry that "trusts are fostered by the tariff," because of the eat prominence of English trusts at present, and the furnishing of English capital in vast amounts to form international trusts like the "Salt association." The plain truth of the matter is that trusts grow out of the economic conditions of the whole civilized world. They are a remedy, on the part of producers, for the evils, to them, of excessive competition; and though the remedy is worse to the consumer than the disease, this fact does not alter the history of their rise. The activity of England in the matter of trusts is simply due to the fact that her manufacturing princes see that they can be used to restore that supremacy in the industrial world which England is losing. If her manufacturers can get all industries in other countries into trusts with their own, they can hold the supremacy, and not otherwise. Free trade won't do it; it has already proved a failure in this regard.

PUBLIC opinion seems to favor the proposition to erect executive offices for the President, and leave the White House to serve simply as his private residence. In point of fact, the plan ought to receive the prompt approval of Congress. Then, after a time, the President would be as free from intrusion on the part of strangers after office hours as business men are. But the chief reason for the separation of the executive offices from the private residence of the President is that the President's family may enjoy the privacy accorded to other people.

IF the reports of the failure of the wheat crops of the Old World are true, the American farmer will have good cause to rejoice. Last year India produced 258,000,000 bushels, which is more than 10 per cent of the world's total; yet the crop this year is said to be a pronounced failure. Russia last year produced 213,000,000 bushels, and this year her crop is also said to have failed. If nearly one-fifth of the world's crop is a failure, the United States will be called on to make good the export shortage, and that will mean higher prices.

HERE is a newspaper prediction as to the wheat crop of this year, from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

The prospects now are that the wheat crop this year will amount to 500,000,000 bushels at least, making all reasonable allowance for damage in the Northwest. The 500,000,000 mark has never been passed by the wheat yield except twice. In 1882 the production was 504,000,000 bushels, and two years later it was but a small fraction under 512,000,000. Last year the yield was 416,000,000 bushels. Not only is a large wheat crop this year assured, but the production of nearly all the other cereals, it will be heavy. This fact, coupled with the reasonable certainty which there exists of a big demand for wheat from Europe, is the bright spot in the business situation.

WILL our Democratic brethren who are howling about "plutocrats" and "railway monopoly," and all that sort of thing, please publish the interesting little news item that G. P. HUNTINGTON, who sold $2,250,000 of Chesapeake & Ohio railway stock the other day, and has as much more he is offering to sell, is the gentleman who is backing the New York *Star*, the only "true-blue" Democratic daily in the metropolis, and which is devoted to booming CLEVELAND and advocating free trade?

THE government has waked up to the importance of our interests in Samoa. The survey of the harbor of Pago Pago in Samoa has been completed by United States engineers, and a coaling station will be established. At its last session Congress appropriated $100,000 for the purpose. Ten thousand tons of coal will be kept at the station at all times.

NOW comes a newspaper report to the effect that Secretary TRACY is to be given the vacancy on the Supreme bench. A while ago it was Attorney General MILLER. A little later it will be somebody else. And then, when Mr. HARRISON appoints some one next fall, everybody will say, "Just what I expected!"

IF there is to be a "tight money time" this year, it will come in September, when the drain of money from the great financial centers, to move the crops, is the greatest. Though some prophets of evil look for such an occurrence, the probabilities are against it.

THE practice of smuggling foreign wool into this country at a merely nominal rate of duty by calling it "waste," has been pretty effectually checked by the recent decision of the Treasury department.

ONE MAN'S AMBITION.

There are stories and stories, and the latest one is to the effect that Southern Republicans in Congress are to form a coalition whereby one of their own number can be selected as Speaker of the next House. The tale as told in a Washington special to the New York *Post* reads after this fashion:

The report is again put in circulation that an organization is to be formed among southern Republicans to attempt to elect an independent candidate for Speaker, and that Representative Brower, of North Carolina, has been selected as the candidate. The story is given out with much detail, and it is claimed that it originated with Brower himself. Mr. Brower is a comparatively young man, a native of North Carolina, who has been a candidate of the Republican party for various offices since 1872. He is a farmer and tobacco manufacturer. After several efforts to be elected to Congress, in which he was defeated by only small majorities, he was successful for the last Congress, when he was elected by a considerable majority over a Democratic and Prohibitionist opponent. The record which Mr. Brower made was that which any ordinary member, attentive to his duties, might make. He was not a conspicuous member, and his achievements do not warrant him in asserting to the speakership. If the Republican members south of the Potomac should in fact enter into a combination to elect one of their own number speaker, or transfer the organization of the house to the Democrats, it is not in the nature of things political that such a combination should be effective. The discipline in the Republican party is too great to furnish any basis of hope for such a revolt.

The actuating influence is said to be dissatisfaction with the way in which the President has dispensed the patronage in the South. That platform is not broad enough to build an independent party upon. Those who claim to speak for Mr. Brower say that they hope to elect a Southern Speaker out of spite, taking advantage of the narrow majority in the House. The Speakership campaign will not be settled in that way. Representative Houk, of Tennessee, is mentioned as likely to enter into such a combination. He has already repudiated the suggestion, and has said that he is a Republican from principle.

Now there is not the slightest objection to a Southern Republican being made speaker, simply because he is from the South. There is considerable objection to a Southern Republican being made speaker when his sole qualification is that he comes from the South. The question is, "Who is the best man for the place?" The matter of where he comes from has nothing to do with the controversy. Ambitious young men with more brass than brains, will find that attempts to form sectional coalitions for the advancement of their own personal schemes, are pokers bot at either end, that cannot even be handled comfortably from the middle.

BE QUICK!

Be quick in getting up your clubs of three-months' subscribers to THE BLADE so that their subscriptions may all begin with this week's number—that for August 1, containing the first chapters of Mr. LOCKE'S new story. The demand will be great, and we may not be able to supply back numbers but a short time. If you have not yet sent for special club terms, do so *at once.*

AN EDUCATIONAL TEST.

North Dakota may possibly, in her new state constitution, impose an educational test for voters. A section in the state constitution has been proposed, which makes "the reading of the Declaration of Independence with facility," the test for exercising the right of suffrage. There is much to commend the plan. While it does not demand anything beyond the ability to read English easily and correctly, it is nevertheless true that when a man can read with ease the doors of all knowledge are open to him. Ignorance on the part of the voting class is the acknowledged danger of any system of popular government, for the unlettered voter, being obliged to get his political views by word of mouth, is easily made the prey of demagogues and self-seeking political managers.

There is no commonwealth better fitted to try the experiment of an honest educational test than North Dakota. Her people are enterprising and intelligent. Most of them came from the more crowded sections of the East, and have started on the work of building new homes and creating a new state on the fertile plains of the Northwest. It is but fitting that a new commonwealth, made up of energetic and progressive citizens, should guard the ballot in the interests of intelligence and education. Such a step will be in the line of progress toward purer politics and a more enlightened appreciation of the responsibilities of citizenship. North Dakota will do well if she comes into the Union with this element of strength and stability, and there will be rejoicing at an opportunity of witnessing a practical exemplification of the educational test in the voting population.

AND now it is denied by ex-Secretary BAYARD'S friends that he is to be candidate for governor of Delaware. They say Mr. BAYARD is busying himself these days with some improvements at his country seat, and is arranging to resume the practice of law again. During the greater part of his public life he continued his law business, which at one time was quite lucrative, but upon accepting a Cabinet position he abandoned his profession entirely. BAYARD will not enter politics again unless he believes his leadership will save the party in his state.

THE Republicans in New Mexico are very wisely antagonizing the un-American elements in that territory, and in insisting peremptorily that no step toward statehood shall be taken unless the constitution to be adopted shall guarantee the entire and permanent separation of church and state, and the establishment of free public schools on the same basis as that of the most enlightened and advanced of the older states.

THE production of pig iron in the first six months of 1889 amounted to 4,107,899 net tons. This amount is greater by over 100,000 tons than ever before produced in the same length of time in the history of the American trade. All of which goes to show that the iron industry is in a prosperous condition, in spite of the decrease in railway building, which it has been feared would put a damper on iron production.

AN Italian chemist proposes a method for a recognition of Asiatic cholera. He says that if to any fluid containing cholera bacilli there is added from 5 to 10 per cent of hydrochloric acid, the fluid is changed to a violet color, which it retains for several days. His idea is that people will believe in it and not become panic stricken after a two great indulgence in watermelon ane cucumbers, during cholera season.

THE New York *Herald* speaks of the lynching of a woman in Wyoming Territory, as an every day happening in frontier life. If some one was to tell the *Herald*, or any other New York paper, that the principal occupation of the inhabitants of Cincinnati is killing buffalo, it would put it down as "found in every page of frontier life."

THE latest trust scheme is the proposed organization of a gigantic brick trust, with a capital of $15,000,000. The plan is to buy the larger concerns and crush out the smaller ones. It is safe to say that it will fail. Clay is too plentiful all over this country to "corner" the supply of burned sections thereof.

THE system of subsidies to steamship lines in France, has built up the Transatlantique line until it owns and runs 67 steamers of 165,210 tons; employs a veritable navy of men on the sea, and 3,810 workmen on land. Last year it earned $11,468,197.

IF QUEEN VICTORIA only had about ten more children and grandchildren of marriagable age, England would have to ask for a receiver at once.

NEXT WEEK!

Mr. Robinson Locke's Series of Illustrated Letters From Europe.

The editor of THE BLADE, Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE, is now in Europe, on a vacation tour, to seek needed rest and recreation. His headquarters are at Hamburg, and he will spend about two months among the people of Northern Germany. He will write a series of letters for publication in THE BLADE, which will be

Illustrated by Photographs Taken on the Spot.

We expected to receive the first letter for publication this week, but it did not come to hand in time; but we are assured it shall reach us in time for next week. These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American readers about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE (Nasby), and thus had an unequaled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters.

"THE SPOILS" AS AN ELEMENT OF WEAKNESS.

There is a great deal of humbug talked by the men who have an itch for office, whether they be Republicans or Democrats. The one proposition on which hundreds—yes, thousands—of men make a plea for the offices they covet, whenever there is a change of politics in the appointing power, be it state or national, is that the prompt turning out of the old incumbents and their equally prompt replacement by men of the political faith of the administration is necessary in order to "strengthen the party." So long has this theory been dinned into the public ear that a vast number of people accept it as gospel truth.

The fact of the matter is, however, that it is not true. The patronage is oftener an element of weakness than of strength. The Republicans had the federal patronage in New York in 1884, but it did not prevent that state being carried by CLEVELAND. The entire patronage, state and federal, was Democratic in that state last year, but it did not prevent its being carried by the Republicans. General HARRISON'S own state, Indiana, went Democratic in 1884, with every federal office in the hands of the Republicans, and then went Republican in 1888, with the same offices in the possession of the Democrats. This case is the more significant, as Indiana is a state in which party lines continue to be drawn with the extremest emphasis and stringency, and the offices have been used as a direct lever to secure party success. But party success they have not secured there, nor anywhere else.

The reasons are not far to seek. The great mass of the people do not care one whit who holds the appointive positions, so that the duties thereof are discharged in a business-like manner. They have no part in the unseemly wrangle for positions, and are easily disgusted at the exhibitions of greed and selfishness and self-conceit which so often mark the hungry spoilsman. Hence it is easy to transfer the odium which belongs rightfully to the individual alone, to the party of which he is a member. Again, there are a dozen or more applicants for every position, and as only one man can be appointed, the ones who fail are filled with chagrin and disappointment. Their political feelings being largely based on self-interest, when the latter is defeated they are apt to lose all further interest in active politics until a change of administration brings another chance in view.

These truths have had ample illustrations within the past four or five years. CLEVELAND made a "clean sweep" of federal officials in Virginia in 1885, but in 1886 the state went strongly Republican on the Congressional contests. Indiana is another case in point. In fact, the states wherein the demands of the spoilsmen were earliest heeded by CLEVELAND were the ones wherein the Democratic vote showed the greatest losses. The patronage of a state is an element of weakness rather than of strength to the dominant party.

The remedy for the whole matter is a radical one—the divorce of all offices that do not involve direction of governmental policy from politics. Merit, capacity and fitness, and not political belief, must be made the test for appointment. There is no more reason for the appointment of a clerk in a government office because he was active in caucuses and at the polls than there would be for the appointment of a clerk in a wholesale grocery for the same reason. A business man doesn't care what may be the politics of his employes, so that they are honest, capable and industrious; and there is no reason why the government's business shall not be run on the same principle.

VIRGINIA POLITICS.

The adjustment of the differences between the two Republican factions in Virginia seems to have been a very successful one, if we are to judge by the blind fury into which it has thrown the Bourbon element of that state as well as of the entire South, and the fierce denunciations that the mugwumps are indulging in because of it. General BEADY, the representative of the anti-Mahone faction, is satisfied with the result. Speaking of the general situation, he said:

It is a mistake of the opposition to deny that this is a compromise. The compromise has the hearty approval of all the factions in Virginia. It is also wrong to think that Mahone has had his own way in everything. So far as my own appointment is concerned, Mahone had nothing to do with it. It was suggested by Clarkson and Quay of the committee, and was most cordially endorsed by the President himself. Reconciliation is to go still further. John S. Wise will be appointed postmaster of Richmond. Prof. Langston will co-operate with the Republicans, and will approve of the compromise which has been made.

The situation is one which will give the Democrats very great concern. The capital for the Bourbon party for the present campaign has been Republican dissatisfaction. That dissatisfaction has now disappeared and with it has disappeared a very great portion of the Bourbon hope. Republican unity will make more clear Bourbon disaffection. The Democrats of the state of Virginia are not united. They have not been united for years. The division between them is becoming more marked every year. The Cleveland administration took all the life and spirit out of Democracy. Nothing has happened to put it back again.

COL. A. G. CONGER, in an interview in New York, expresses his faith that FORAKER will be elected by something like 30,000 majority this fall. He pithily remarks that the contest in Ohio is again one of brains against boodle, saying:

All talk about Governor Forsker not being popular in Ohio is rank nonsense. He is a popular man, and Vallandigham's popularity is not through merit and brains. The Democrats have opposed him with boodle. It is the old fight of the two parties that have diametrically opposite methods. Democrats cut our way and think of nothing a man is worth more than he can tap a barrel and disburse liberally to the boys, while the Republicans simply select a brainy, incorruptible, fearless candidate. It is boodle against boodle all the time, and the former generally triumphs.

SOUTHERN papers are wisely warning their readers against transplanting worn-out machinery from the North for service in Southern manufactories. The first cost is less but there is little opportunity for close competition with out-of-date machinery.

WHETHER the remedy for Boulangism the French government has adopted—crushing it out with an iron hand—will succeed, remains to be seen. History, however, is full of examples of the failure of even fire and sword to kill an idea.

HOW THE BLADE IS APPRECIATED OVER THE SEA.

We are in receipt of a letter from a subscriber to the Weekly BLADE in London, England, on a business matter, which concludes with the following words of kindly commendation:

47 WESTBOURNE PARK ROAD,
LONDON, W., ENGLAND,
July 15, 1889.

* * * * * * * * *

I receive my copy every Monday, and I am only telling you a simple truth when I say that I look forward to its arrival every week with the greatest pleasure. I have never before seen so much good reading for such a small sum of money; I shall certainly renew my subscription. I remain yours respectfully,

LIONEL PICCIOTTO.

The Editor of THE TOLEDO BLADE.

It is pleasant to find that our efforts to make the very best family newspaper in the world are properly appreciated. Our London friend is living in the greatest city in the world, the seat of the most powerful empire on the globe, the center of English civilization, yet he frankly admits that he has "never before seen so much good reading for such a small sum of money."

We have no doubt our myriads of readers on this side of the Atlantic fully agree with him. THE BLADE'S specialty is the furnishing of first-class reading matter, to benefit, to entertain, to instruct, to amuse our readers; and we know of no newspaper which furnishes so much of such good quality for so small a price. It is this fact which creates the perennial prosperity enjoyed by THE BLADE; and our constant endeavor shall be to make the paper still more worthy of the high encomiums lavished upon it, and to keep it far beyond all its competitors in those features which cause it to be received with such favor by its readers everywhere.

DO YOU WANT TO DO YOUR FRIENDS A FAVOR?

A postal card will easily hold ten names and addresses. Send us in this way the names of ten of your neighbors and friends who would like to read "The Demagogue," announced elsewhere. We will send to every person a sample copy of this issue of THE BLADE containing the opening chapters, and will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us names as above requested. Do it AT ONCE.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Our free trade friends are never weary of quoting the immense foreign trade of Great Britain as an argument why the United States should adopt a free trade policy. There is an assumption in this that free trade is the cause of Great Britain's commerce. This is not true. She was the greatest manufacturing and commercial nation in the world before she adopted free trade; and her supremacy would doubtless have been as marked as it is to-day had she continued a protective policy. The reasons for this lie in other facts than in free trade.

We find in a free trade contemporary a comparison of the imports and exports of Great Britain and the United States, the figures being for the year 1888. We reproduce them:

	Exports.	Imports.
Great Britain	$1,811,137,820	$1,403,918,805
United States	783,295,100	730,270,297

These include specie and bullion, as well as all kinds of manufactured goods and raw material. Great Britain has an area only three times that of the state of Ohio. It is densely populated, and its agricultural area is entirely insufficient to produce the breadstuffs and meat required to feed its population. The interest of the manufacturers dominate the government's policy. Free trade enables food to be sold more cheaply, of course; for as the country can not produce its own food, a duty on food products would be simply a tax thereon, which would fall on the consumers. The free trade agitation in England began with the repeal of the "corn laws"—the laws imposing a duty on imported breadstuffs. This agitation was favored and pushed by the manufacturers; for if their workmen get could cheaper food they could live on lower wages.

Again, Great Britain does not produce all the raw materials of her manufactures. The aim of that country, whose policy is dominated by her manufacturing and commercial interests, has always been to make herself the center of the world's manufactures. Her ideal is to have other countries produce the raw materials, let her manufacture them up, and then become purchasers of the finished product. Free trade in raw materials enables her to purchase more cheaply, for as she cannot produce them herself, the main object of a protective policy—to develop home production—is impossible of accomplishment. Consequently free trade enables her to get raw materials to manufacture and food for the workmen at a cheaper rate. Here you have the reasons why Great Britain has free trade to-day.

With the United States, the case is entirely different. Our area is thirty times that of Great Britain. It embraces a wide diversity of soil and climate, and consequently an enormously greater range of products. Our mineral resources, in extent and diversity, are boundless. We can not only feed our own population, but a large share of the imports of Great Britain consists of our wheat and other grains, our beef, pork, and the thousand and one food products which she lacks. We can produce the raw materials of all staple manufactures, and do not need free trade in order to favor their importation. On the contrary, our protective system develops the production of raw material, from the wool of the countless herds of sheep which whiten our pastures, to the iron, lead, tin, copper and other minerals with which our mountains are filled.

Great Britain's imports are much greater than ours, because she has to import much of her food and her raw materials. Her exports are greater than ours for several reasons, the chief of which are:

Wages are lower there than here, and hence she can sell manufactured goods cheaper than we can, and make a profit.

Sine had the start of other nations as an exporting manufacturer; her merchants take pains to find the styles of goods of every kind that foreign peoples prefer, and have them manufactured to suit each different market.

The policy of the British government is controlled, as we have said before, by her commercial interests, and consequently heavy subsidies are paid by the government to keep up steamship lines to all parts of the globe, and maintain close and quick mail communication therewith—for prompt and certain mails are a necessity, if commerce is to be kept up.

The true way to foster an export trade is not to adopt free trade, and open our vast home market to English competition, but to pay subsidies to American lines of mail steamships, to obtain a knowledge of the particular patterns, styles and varieties of goods favored by the people of those countries whose trade we seek; and push foreign trade without cutting down wages at home.

IT has been decided that the Princess Louise shall wear the coronet of a royal princess and not of a duchess

SENATOR INGALLS

Discusses the Liquor Question in the August "Forum."

A Most Interesting Paper Upon the Topic.

"PROHIBITION AND LICENSE."

The Case on Each Side Stated and Discussed.

The Effect of Prohibition in Kansas Fully Set Forth.

THE Hon. John J. Ingalls, United States Senator from Kansas, has an article in the August number of the *Forum*, entitled "Prohibition and License," in which the liquor question is discussed in a masterly manner. The paper is judicial in tone, and does not deal in that invective of which Mr. Ingalls is an acknowledged master. THE BLADE herewith makes liberal quotations for the benefit of its readers.

Mr. Ingalls first states the case, and from both sides, as regards the remedy for the acknowledged evils of the traffic. He first states the case for the advocates of Prohibition. Then he gives the argument of the friends of license. Next he gives a summary of liquor legislation in the United States since the passage of the "Maine law," in 1851. In this is a most interesting account of the statues in Kansas. Then he briefly sums up the whole matter. Below are given extracts showing his line of argument:

The Prohibitionist Case.

The case stated by the Prohibitionists is that not less than one thousand million dollars is annually spent in the United States for foreign and domestic wines, malt liquors and distilled spirits. This is more than is expended for beef, pork and flour, and nearly equals the amount paid for wages in all the manufacturing establishments of every description in the country. In less than two years it would meet all the current expenses of the government and extinguish the public debt. Practically, this gigantic sum of money is wasted. It is abstracted from the wealth and revenues of the nation. Of any man in health who drinks intoxicating liquors, the best that can be said is that he escapes harm.

This enormous disbursement yields no equivalent either to the individual or to the community, in nutrition, strength or happiness. To the state it results in a perpetible loss of productive energy and a diminution of its moral forces. It impairs the capacity of the citizen for labor and for military service, indefinitely multiplies the number of criminals and paupers, and immeasurably increases the aggregate of human wretchedness.

Were these evils confined to the guilty, they would be less intolerable, but they bear heaviest upon the defenseless and the innocent. The frenzied blows of the drunken ruffian and murderer fall upon victims who, in the absence of his tenderness and compassion, have neither weapon nor shield, and are destitute alike of protection and redress.

The License Cost.

The advocates of license and local option contend that the appetite for alcohol is as universal as is its diffusion among the organic substances of the natural world. Its consumption in some form as a beverage is coeval with the human race, and will continue so long as life endures upon the planet. Moderately used, it is not injurious to the individual or to society. They further insist that the most radical and resolute advocates of temperance do not claim that there is any more justification for interference by law with the moderate use of alcoholic liquors than with the chewing, smoking and snuffing of tobacco or the drinking of coffee and tea. The use of liquors may be of no advantage; abstinance would, perhaps, be better; but indulgence is a personal right, and every citizen is entitled to do as he pleases, so long as he does not injure the life, liberty or property of another.

None of the prohibitory amendments or statutes are directed against the practice of drinking. It is not denounced nor interdicted, and as it is not wrong *per se*, the right must be admitted to exist. It is with the abuse, and not the use, of intexicants that society is concerned, and against this legislation should be directed. Intemperance is the evil that is to be corrected, and when this is accomplished the authority of the state is at an end.

Drunkenness being the offense, and the drunkard the offender, the singular and illogical aspect of prohibition is that it does not deal directly with either, but endeavors to prevent one and reform the other, by forbidding to all the lawful use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, because some are addicted to excess. If it is right to manufacture and sell intoxicating liquors for medical, scientific, and mechanical purposes, and right to drink them in moderation, it seems unreasonable to punish the innocent, and let the guilty go free.

In larceny, the offense is stealing; the offender is the thief. Society punishes the person who unlawfully takes and carries horses away, but does not forbid the citizen to breed horses and keep them for sale, or for other purposes admitted to be legitimate. The malicious burning of a dwelling is felony; we imprison the incendiary, but do not forbid the building of houses. The illicit gratification of the sexual appetite indicts unspeakable miseheifs and maladies upon mankind; but to relieve society from their consequences, limitations are not placed upon the lawful commerce of marriage, nor is the distinction between the sexes obliterated.

The objection to licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors, because it licenses crime, is sentimental rather than real, for it is not a crime until declared to be so by statute. The assumed analogy between drinking and slavery, so often asserted by the Prohibitionists, is fallacious and sophistical. Slavery is a violation of the natural rights of man. It is not lawful to hold a human being in bondage, even for medicinal, scientific, or mechanical purposes; but the right to sell liquors for these purposes is admitted, and the right to drink them temperately is not denied.

This is a summary of the contention now proceeding in the United States upon the liquor problem, the solution of which has engaged the attention of thoughtful and patriotic men in all civilized countries for centuries. So long ago as 1670, Sir Matthew Hale declared that 80 per cent of the crimes committed in England were due to drunkenness, and the discussion of the relative merits of license and prohibition in restraining the evils of intemperance has been continuous through the long interval. For the past 50 years the agitation has been incessant, and the issues presented appear to be such as can be decided only by experience.

The Struggle in Kansas.

The public agitation of the drink question in Kansas began with the organization of the territory, in 1854. The founders of Topeka and Lawrence voted to enforce prohibition. The first state temperance convention was held in 1874, and formally demanded a national law on the subject. Camp meetings and great popular demonstrations occurred from year to year, and the different church organizations enlisted actively in the work. In 1879, in response to this popular demand, the legislature submitted to the people a proposed amendment to the state constitution, to be voted upon at the November election of 1880, in the following words: "The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors shall be forever prohibited in this state, except for medical, scientific, and mechanical purposes." The canvass that followed was animated, but not partisan. The presidential vote was 181,350, and Garfield's majority was 61,748; the total vote cast on the prohibitory amendment was 176,606, and the majority in its favor was 7,998; showing that many thousands of Republicans voted against it. The legislature, which assembled in January, 1881, passed a law forbidding the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors, except for the specified purposes, to take effect May 1, 1881. Resistance was general, and great excitement followed. The liquor-dealers and manufacturers in all parts of the country contributed liberally to defeat its practical operation.

In 1882 the Republican state convention re-nominated Governor St. John, who had been the special champion of temperance, for a third term, upon a platform indorsing Prohibition, while the Democrats demanded re-submission. The campaign was passionate in the extreme. St. John was defeated, but the rest of the Republican ticket was elected by the usual majorities for an off year. In 1884 the Republicans again indorsed prohibition, while the Democrats denounced it and declared for high license. The latter party renominated Governor Glick, who had been successful in the previous canvass, but he was defeated by about 38,000. In November of that year the Supreme Court of the United States sustained the prohibitory law, and in April, 1887, upon appeal, held that the power of the state was complete, and that the amendment and the statutes pursuant thereto were not in violation of the constitution of the United States. This ended the contest, and the triumph of prohibition was complete. Kansas has abolished the saloon. The open dram-shop traffic is as extinct as the sale of indulgences. A drunkard is a phenomenon. The barkeeper has joined the troubadour, the crusader, and the mound-builder. The brewery, the distillery, and the bonded warehouse are known only to the archæologist.

It Does Prohibit.

To those who can recall the pioneer period of the state, it seems incredible that among a population of 1,700,000 people, extending from the Missouri river to Colorado, and from Nebraska to Oklahoma, there is not a place which the thirsty or hilarious wayfarer can enter, and, laying down a coin, demand his glass of beer. This does not imply that absolute drouth prevails everywhere, or that "social irrigation" has entirely disappeared. In the few localities where public opinion does not sustain the law, it is habitually and flagrantly disregarded, and the appetite that craves indulgence is gratified, at the sacrifice of moral restraints which are the barriers and safeguards of society.

Sales for the specified purposes are confined to druggists, who are hedged about with the stringent provisions of the "Pharmacy Act," the penalties for the violation of which are ingeniously rigid, and have not been exceeded for severity since the code of Draco. Physicians' prescriptions, affidavits and signatures for the identification of the purchases, and specification of the disease for which he needs the pernicious fluid, as required, and evasions are punished with fine, forfeiture, and imprisonment. The sale of bitters, elixirs, and other concoctions containing alcohol, has undoubtedly increased. Malaria, indigestion, and other disorders have developed in localities previously considered salubrious, and there is probably no town of one thousand inhabitants where a bibulous but discreet practitioner, properly consulted for, cannot find, at his hotel, or the club, or in the cellar of a friend, a bottle of beer or a flask of whisky.

But the habit of drinking is dying out. Temptation being removed from the young and infirm, they have been fortified and redeemed. The liquor-seller, being proscribed, is an outlaw, and his vocation is disreputable. Drinking being stigmatized, is out of fashion, and the consumption of intoxicants has enormously decreased. Intelligent and conservative observers estimate the reduction at 90 per cent; it cannot be less than 75. The increase in the number of internal revenue stamps sold by the collector from year to year, is explained by the fact that they are required by all druggists, and many of them are repetitious and renewals for short terms. The places where liquors are sold, legally and illegally, have been reduced from one for every 674 of the entire population in 1880, to one for every 2,220 in 1888.

Since the adoption of the amendment, four general elections have been held, and at each of them the people have repeated their adhesion to the principle by the election of legislatures pledged to Prohibition. The result is generally accepted as an accomplished fact. Hostility has practically been subdued. Prohibition prohibits. The prediction of its opponents has not been verified; immigration has not been repelled, nor has capital been diverted from the state. The period has been one of unexampled growth and development. Whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, coincidence or cause, is not material. The evils prophesied have not come to pass.

One of the most significant and extraordinary results is the diminution of crime in the state. At the January term of the District court of the county in which the capital is situated, there was not a single criminal case on the docket. Many city and county prisons are without a tenant. The number and percentage of the convicts in the state penitentiary have been remarkably diminished. Upon the first day of January, 1870, the prisoners, not including those of the United States, numbered 218, or one for every 1,671 inhabitants; at the same date in 1875 they numbered 435, or one to every 1,214 inhabitants. In 1880 the number was 633, or one to every 1,573 inhabitants; in 1885 it was 673, or one to every 1,885 inhabitants; on the first day of January, 1889, it was 861, or one to every 1,921 inhabitants. On the first day of January, 1887, there were 895 state prisoners in the penitentiary; on the first day of January, 1888, there were 898; and in the following year there was a reduction of 37 in number, although the population of the state had largely increased.

In the various prisons throughout the United States, about 60,000 criminals are serving sentences for felonies, being about one prisoner for every thousand inhabitants; the same ratio in Kansas would give a total of 1,651, which is 50 per cent more than the number actually confined. In the United States at large there is one pauper to 750 inhabitants; carefully compiled statistics show that Kansas has but one to about 1,300 of its population.

The prognostications of disaster so freely expressed at the outset have all been negatived. Local disturbances were inevitable, but in most instances the re-adjustment has already occurred. The gain in population since 1880 has not been less than 700,000. This has been distributed, partially among the cities and towns, but more largely over an area previously not inhabited, comprising not less than one-fourth of the surface of the state. The amount of agricultural products and live stock, the assessed value of property, the mileage of railroads, the number of cultivated farms, of newspapers, of school-houses, of churches, have proportionately increased, making the history of the colonization of Kansas a marvel.

The Summing Up.

The American people have determined to secure the most thorough restriction of the liquor traffic consistent with the preservation of that personal liberty which our institutions were established to protect and maintain. In the last three years the Prohibition policy has been rejected nine times by as many different states in the Union, but this does not prove that it will not ultimately be adopted as the organic law of the nation.

High license has been in force in England for several hundred years. The abuses became so great that in 1877 the House of Lords appointed a select committee to inquire whether the system had been effective in diminishing drunkenness, and whether reform could best be secured by amendments or by a radical change. To the first proposition the answer was in the negative; to the second they replied by vaguely recommending certain experiments, none of which they approved.

Observation of the results of license, both in this country and in Great Britain, leads irresistibly to the conclusion that it is not successful as a means of overcoming the evils of intemperance. Nothing can be said in favor of the saloon whether licensed or unlicensed. To raise revenue by authorizing the sale of that which debases and pauperizes the people, is both unprofitable and immoral, and therfore indefensible.

Prohibition is right in principle, but total prevention of the use of intoxicating liquors is obviously impossible so long as they are permitted to be manufactured for any purpose. The real question then is, which of two methods, both ineffectual to prevent the use, is the better to prevent the abuse of alcoholic drinks, and to relieve the individual and society from the evils of intemperance?

From comparison of the results in Kansas with those existing elsewhere, the conclusion is irresistible in favor of Prohibition. It can be efficiently and successfully enforced. It does not retard the growth nor injure the resources of the people. Its operations practically cease with the closing of the saloons, leaving personal liberty unimpaired. It exonerates the state from complicity and participation in the most formidable agencies of its own destruction.

The Young Man from Leicester.

A youth who resides in Leicester,
Blew into a patent lung teicester,
But he stopped with a sneeze,
For with Limburger cheese
The machine had been stuffed by some Leicester.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XVIII.

THE FADED COAT OF BLUE.

My brave boy he sleeps,
In his faded coat of blue,
In a lonely grave unknown,
Lies the heart that beats so true,
He sank, faint and hungry,
Among the famished brave,
And they laid him, sad and lonly,
Within his nameless grave.

CHORUS:—No more the bugle calls the weary one;
Rest noble spirit, in thy grave unknown!
We'll find you and know you,
Among the good and true,
When the robe of white is given
For the faded coat of blue!

He cried, "Give me water,
And just a little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you
Through all the years to come.
Oh! tell my sweet sister,
So gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven,
With my faded coat of blue!"

He said, "My dear comrades,
You cannot take me home;
But you'll mark my grave for mother,
She'll find me if she comes.
I fear that she'll not know me,
Among the good and true,
When I meet her up in heaven,
In my faded coat of blue."

No dear one was nigh him
To close his mild blue eyes,
And no gentle one was by him
To give him sweet replies.
No stone marks the lowly sod
O'er my lad so brave and true;
In his lonly grave he sleeps,
In his faded coat of blue!

GEN. SHERMAN AND HIS BOYS IN BLUE.

BY CAPT. R. W. BURT, 76TH O. V. V. I.

Tune—Benny Haven, O!

Hail, glorious Chief! the country's pride,
For victory follows thee;
Thy fame is spreading far and wide,
Great Chieftain of the Free!
The bravest army in the world
Is being led by you,
And Freedom's banner is unfurl'd
By Bonny Boys in Blue.

CHORUS.—General Sherman, O!
General Sherman, O!
The Boys in Blue will fight with you,
General Sherman, O!

In thee the country's hope is placed,
To put rebellion down;
The boys in blue the foe have faced,
And thou hast led them on.
Where Sherman led they followed on,
Brave deeds they dared to do,
And victory was always won
By Bonny Boys in Blue.
General Sherman, O!

On Shiloh's bloody battlefield
He met old Beauregard,
Who found that Sherman would not yield,
And he took it very hard;
He'd water his horse in the Tennessee,
Tint's what he said he'd do,
But Billy Sherman got in the way
With his Bonny Boys in Blue.
General Sherman, O!

And when the rebels on Vicksburg's heights
Were all corralled by Grant,
Joe Johnston thought he'd go, as fits,
But Sherman said, "You can't."
Joe Johnston found there were some things
That he could never do;
He has to run when Sherman brings
His Bonny Boys in Blue.
General Sherman, O!

On Mission Ridge he met the foe,
With Thomas and with Grant,
And on that glorious field you know,
Our banners they did plant.
Old Bragg and all his army fled—
What else could Braxton do?
When Grant and Sherman nobly led
The Bonny Boys in Blue.
General Sherman, O!

Atlanta next was Sherman's aim,
Though Dalton blocked the way;
But flanking was the kind of game
That Sherman knew would pay.
Joe Johnston found that to retreat
Was all the way to do,
For it was dangerous to meet
The Bonny Boys in Blue.
General Sherman, O!

From Dalton down to Kenesaw,
Joe Johnston did retreat;
From there he found he must withdraw,
Or meet a sore defeat.
And when within Atlanta's walls,
Says Hood, "I'll show you, Joe,
That Sherman soon before me falls,
And all his Boys in Blue."
General Sherman, O!

On the twenty-second of July
Our brave McPherson fell;
A tear-drop stood in the soldier's eye
For one they loved so well.
But Logan nobly filled his place,
And put the Rebels through;
The Johnnies found they could not face
The Bonny Boys in Blue.
General Sherman, O!

On the twenty-eighth the Johnnies came,
With whisky feeling good,
But Logen understood the game,
And cleaned out Johnny Hood.
When Sherman left Atlanta's front,
Says Hood, "the game is now;"
But he soon found himself outflanked
By Bonny Boys in Blue.
General Sherman, O!

Says Hood, "I'll try the flanking game"
But he didn't make it pay—
For Thomas brought old Hood to shame,
While Sherman went his way.
Down through Georgia Sherman went,
Cut Rebeldom in two,
And in Savannah pitched his tent,
With all his Boys in Blue.
General Sherman, O!

For General Sherman, then, we'll shout,
And Charleston next must fall;
The Boys in Blue will clean them out,
Old Beauregard and all.
This base rebellion soon will end,
The bottom's falling through;
Hurrah for General Sherman, then,
And the Bonny Boys in Blue!
General Sherman, O!

WALES WEARS 'EM.

An Awful Kind of Hat Which the Swell Young Men Must Wear.

The English riding hat is now the proper thing for a swell young man to wear. It is a hot-box. In style it is very like the ordinary silk hat, though it has straighter sides and a suggestion of a bit of boiler cut square across, polished, and with a brim to it. The hat weighs three times as much as a silk hat for walking. The hat is stiff, and a brick let fall from a three-story window would not break through it. Inside the hat is a sort of a net-work, like a cloth cap, suspended from the sides of the hat, so that before the hat can be jammed down over the wearer's eyes, the cap inside must be torn from its fastenings. Instead of the ordinary leather sweat-band, there is a quilted cloth band. It must feel on a man's head as if he had a rough flannel bandage tied around his brows.

The brim of the hat is as stiff as the top. The inside is padded, besides having the cap piece. This mechanism and hat combined cost $10 and $12. The object of the hat is to prevent any injury to the rider in case he is thrown on his head. The whole body of the hat is stiffened, and the interior is arranged so that a man who wears it can be thrown and strike square on his head without injuring him. It will hurt the hat, but he can buy another one. The quilted sweat-band is made heavy to absorb the perspiration and to retain the hat firmly on the wearer's head. A string is worn with these hats, which is attached to the hat and to the coat of the wearer, so that if it is blown off it will not escape him. There is quite a trade in these hats, though it is hard to understand why a young man should wear a high hunting hat for a ride in the park.—*Haberdasher.*

The Pauper.

My income is one hundred and ten thousand dollars yearly,
But I've been deadly poor most all my life;
The reason is not far to seek, the reason, it is merely
That I have an ambitious and most fashionable wife.

A Debtor's Paradise.

"It appears to me," said Serena to Sylvester, "that you kiss me entirely too often. I suppose, when we are married people"—and she slightly blushed—"you will not think of kissing me more than nineteen or twenty times a day, whereas now—" and she blushed again.

"Very true," replied Sylvester. "Twenty kisses a day is, I believe, the normal standard. But consider, I am 28 years old; consequently have spent ten thousand unkissed days. Ten thousand multiplied by twenty equals two hundred thousand. That is to say, this alarming deficit will not be made up until I have received two hundred thousand kisses. You understand now what is meant by paying the debt of Nature?"

"Dear me, yes," replied Serena; "but I never knew it meant that!"—*Puck.*

One Way of Putting It.

Bobby had never seen the moon before when it was in its first quarter.

"Look!" he said to the nurse, "God has broken his lamp-shade."

CURRENT COMMENT.

Foraker vs. Cleveland.

The Dayton *Journal* puts a great deal of force into a few lines when it says: "There is one radical difference between the administrations of President Cleveland and Governor Foraker. The former was wretched because he didn't know how to deplete the national treasury; the latter was uneasy until he restored a treasury depleted by a Democratic administration, to a surplus. That's a striking difference between Democratic and Republican methods. Republicans believe in prosperity, Democratic leaders in poverty."

A Natural Train of Thought.

Wheeling Intelligencer.

When Democrats talk of their party being enlisted for the war, somehow or other you expect to hear the old yell and see a flag bereft of some stars and shorn of some stripes.

The Ohio "Mill."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It appears to be practically settled that the Ohio Democrats will nominate Mr. Campbell for governor. The fact is chiefly interesting in the way of designating the size, shape and general construction of the individual who is to play Kilrain to Foraker's Sullivan the coming election.

Harrison Sustaining the Law.

Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt.

No greater proof of the fidelity of the President Harrison to his pledges to the people could be given than his support of the commission in their action at Indianapolis, his own home, where we compelled the postmaster to dismiss three Republican clerks who had been illegally appointed. That left no option to the postmaster but to appoint three Democrats who were on the eligible list. Contrast his action with that of President Cleveland, who sustained Aquila Jones in his partisan use of the Indianapolis postoffice. In Troy, also, we compelled the re-examination of some Republican clerks, who had not fairly passed the civil service examination. In Milwaukee, also, we redressed a violation of the law. The President has supported us heartily, and I am confident that the country is at his back in thus faithfully enforcing the civil service reform law.

The New States.

The New York *Tribune* considers that one of the most impressive circumstances connected with the making of the new states is the general inclination to frame constitutions on about the same lines as those of the older commonwealths. Propositions to do away with the governorship, to vest all power in a single legislative chamber, etc., are brought forward by hobby-riders, but meet with little favor. There are likely to be some novel features, induced by conditions that did not exist in the earlier years of the Republic. But with all the political experience and ripened knowledge of a century, and with all the influx of foreign theories on the tide of fumigration, the four new states of the Northwest will doubtless enter the Union with practically the same form of government, system of administration and fundamental code as are enjoyed by the original thirteen. And what a magnificent tribute that is to the far-seeing wisdom of the state-makers of a century ago!

The Arkansas Democratic Idea.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Democrats of Arkansas are not all ruffians, but the ruffians of Arkansas are all Democrats.

Give Him a Fair Show.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

While the brother in black has been in the midnight of ignorance from the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary in this country at least he has emerged into the sunlight of liberty. This is an instance where the statute of limitations does not apply—where neither caste nor previous condition can operate as a bar, and where we should be willing to concede perfect equality to the mental evolutions of the sons of Ham.

The Innocent Salt Trust.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

The salt trust's announcement that it is no trust, because any one can buy the shares who will put up the money, is a more than ordinary violent effort of combination logic. Numerous other trusts have shown an entire willingness to unload on the people who are deceived by the promise of monopoly profits into paying three or four dollars cash for one of actual investment and the rest of paper.

The following is one stanza of a new topical song, which has been copyrighted:

When a boy, I often used to sit and listen
To the stories of the great men of the world;
And oftentimes my young eyes used to glisten,
And very oft with wonder my hair curled—
When I'd hear of how boys climbed the golden ladder,
Till the topmost round they'd reach, by fortune led;
Then the stories of their ways would make me sadder—sadder—sadder—
And I'd wonder if I'd ever get the Great Big Head.

Who Wants Brice?

Cleveland Leader.

We note that Mr. Calvin S. Brice and his friends have recently been very earnest in protesting that he does not want to be senator from Ohio. Who said Ohio wanted him to be?

It Is Going On.

Boston Traveller.

The saloon has been abolished in Kansas, and reduced from 3,000 a few years ago in Boston a few years ago to 800. The abolition in Kansas and the reduction in Massachusetts was done by "half-breed" temperance Republicans. Now let the good work go on.

Ohio's "Oppressive" Liquor Laws.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* declares that "those blustering saloonkeepers of this town who combined to override the Sunday-closing law are a precious lot of dunderheads if they supposed either that an open revolt would intimidate anybody or that they could get sympathy by urging the plea of 'oppression.' Neither the people nor the police authorities are to be bluffed or bulldozed by a seditious gang, no matter how numerous. Nor are the intelligent masses to be tricked into believing that the saloonkeepers in Ohio have any cause for complaint."

Honor "Old Glory."

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Does the Atlanta *Constitution* imagine that it can cloak the deliberate refusal of the official representatives of Georgia to display the American flag on the Fourth of July under the shallow plea of its being a mere "local affair?" That would excuse the killing of a few negroes, no doubt, but the people of the North are sensitive about the stars and stripes. They had so much trouble in bolsting the flag over Atlanta that, somehow or other, they feel as if they had a right to see that it is kept flying there on "proper occasion." They have a notion, too, that they have a right to say who shall be deemed a "proper occasion."

Right You Are!

Troy Times.

Whatever may be said on the subject, it is evident that there is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of giving judicious subsidies to steamship lines. It is seen that such a policy alone will enable the United States to compete with England and France and other European countries in the carrying trade of the world.

Concerning the Sugar Market.

New York papers say that the storing of refined sugar by the trust, in order to make a corner in the market, is being carried oh with unabated vigor. From 12,000 to 15,000 barrels are being stored in warehouses there daily. The sugar trust seems to be made up in equal parts of sugar for the insiders and trusts for the investors.

Tanner is a Boon.

The Hartford *Courant* thinks that if it were not for Corporal Tanner the Mugwump and Democratic press would have a tedious time this summer. They are making the most of his alleged irregularities in allowing a few reratings of pensions, following the precedent made by Commissioner Black, his Democratic predecessor, who favored a few of his friends in this way. But the Mugwump and Democratic organs have never found time to say anything about Commissioner Black's peculiar course in drawing for himself the biggest pension for "total disability" while at the same time drawing his full pay as commissioner. That was under the banner of "Cleveland and Reform."

Gilding the Pauper Laps.

Syracuse Courier.

The *Financial Chronicle* estimates that there are now in Europe at least 100,000 American travelers, and that they will spend on an average $1,000. This would dump $100,000,000 into the European pauper lap.

Cause and Effect.

New York Herald.

That is a suggestive story from San Francisco. While Thomas H. Blythe was alive there was not a chick or child who claimed relationship with him. Now there are 127 heirs registered in the courts. Cause—$4,000,000.

Perhaps That Would Be Better.

New York World.

For the protection of the public the law ought to form a distinct definition of insanity, or else order all the insanity experts locked up in lunatic asylums to prevent them from locking up the rest of the community.

Action Required.

Lockport Union.

But the people must act; they must organize and develop a public sentiment that will spur prosecuting officers and the courts to a prompt discharge of their duty, and relief will come by the destruction of the trusts by the potency of the law.

Foraker's Administration.

Facts and figures show that Governor "Fire-Alarm" Foraker (as the anti-soldier press call him) has made a better financial record for his administration than any Ohio governor has done in a decade, says the Chicago *Journal*. Honesty, economy and the highest state of efficiency have marked the management of every department of state affairs while he has been in office; and this is a conclusive reason why he will be chosen for a third term. Ohio taxpayers want two years more, at least, of the same sort.

When a Subsidy is Something Else.

New York Tribune.

When is a subsidy not a subsidy? Give it up? When it's British. Then it becomes "fair pay for carrying the mails." When our people want fair pay for carrying the mails then it's a "subsidy" again. "Logic is logic; that's all I say."—O. W. Holmes, passim. And the French are as bad. Here is the General Transatlantic company letting out the fact that it carried last year 301,778 passengers, 782,930 tons of cargo and $25,500,000 in treasure, earning $11,468,198, "envy compensant les subventions." An expense of $9,961,780; net earnings, $1,506 417. Including the subventions, observe. Hence, conundrum No. 2: When is a subsidy not a subsidy? Do you give that up, too? Why, when it's French, of course; then it becomes a subvention. Worse still, this subvened company employs sixty-seven steamers, of 165,210 tons, and, besides a whole navy of officers, seamen and engineers, employs in its shops in France 3,810 workmen.

ANCIENT ROMAN NUPTIALS.

How Marriage was Performed in the Days of Julius Cæsar.

Independent of the legal forms there were the social observance of marriage, which were the same, whatever was the legal ceremony chosen. At nightfall, when the star of Venus began to shine, the bride was fetched from her father's house. She was dressed in a white robe, a symbol of her virgin purity, bound round her waist with a woolen sash; her hair was plaited into six tresses after those of the vestal virgins; on her head she wore a flame-colored veil and a fresh wreath of the verbena, for the wife was priestess in her family.

Under the protection of Juno Domiduca, the home leader, she passed through the streets, accompanied by her friends and lighted on her way with torches. By her side there walked a young boy carrying an open basket, in which there lay a hank of wool, a distaff and a spindle—for spinning was the great duty of the Roman matron of the republic. To be a good spinner was a gem in her crown of virtues, by the side of chastity and frugality, and the emblems of this occupation were held in honor even at a time when the chosen pursuits of women were very different.

Arriving at the door of her new home she found it wreathed with flowers in honor of the auspicious occasion. On the door posts she hung fillets of wool and anointed them with oil as a symbol, it would seem, of fertility. She was then lifted over the threshold, a custom in which we may see a survival of the time when wives were habitually stolen from neighboring tribes and carried by force to their husband's house.

In the atrium the bridegroom received her, handed to her a key as a sign of her rule in the house, and offered her fire and water to represent the necessaries of life which were at her disposal. Answering to the fixed formula in which he addressed her, asking who she was, she replied: "Where you are Caius there am I Caia," as we might say, "Your people shall be my people, your house my house, and your life my life." The pair then sat side by side on two chairs covered with the fleece of a sheep and the priest joined their hands.

The marriage contract fixing the amount of the dowry and the mode of its administration was then signed, and a banquet followed, during which five wax candles were burned, while from the walls the waxen masks of the husband's ancestors, decked for the occasion with flowers, looked down from their open cupboards with approval.—*National Review.*

SUN (N. Y.) SPOTLETS.

A Foolish Question.

Brown—It is a very strange thing about that suicide last night. No apparent motive be found.

Mrs. Brown—Was the poor man married?

Brown—Didn't I just tell you there was no apparent motive.

The Scoffer.

Here lies a man who laughed at death,
For many years he mocked her;
Some say he died of lack of breath
And some accuse the doctor.

Couldn't Be Worse.

Ted—Has one always to ask De Jinks to pay back borrowed money?

Ned—Worse than that. You never get it.

It Would Seem So.

Ted—Is love really blind?

Ned—I suppose so. You know a fellow seldom goes to see his girl until it's dark.

The Secret of Success.

Prodical—If I had as much money as you I wouldn't be so careful of it.

Economy—That's the very reason you will never have it.

Tit for Tat.

Wife—It's mean to listen.

Hubby—One wouldn't think so from the way you keep awake to see what time I come home every night.

The Eiffel Towel Pays.

The business of the Eiffel Tower turns out to be immense. M. Eiffel calculated that when everything was in working order the gate money would be $5,000 a day. Since the lifts have been in operation he thought to average more than this. It costs a franc to enter the tower, two francs to get up in the lift to the second floor and four francs to go to the top. On any one of the ordinary full price days, more than 20,000 people have paid admission, and with the increased prices for those using the elevators, the entire receipts exceed $10,000. The original cost of the Eiffel, all incunded, was a little less than $1,000,000. The proprietor has to keep it in repair and hand over one-fourth of his gate money to the exhibition. It is estimated that it will be half paid for when the exhibition closes.

A Time-Saving Device.

New Arrival—Thot's a quare watch ye have.

Sporting Man—That's a stop-watch. By a little pressure here it can be stopped on the instant.

"Begorry, now, thot's foine! Americky do beat the wurrld fur invinition. Soon we y'r afthur seein' phat toim it is yez can shop th' watch an' save wear an' tear on th' machinery."

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare, No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1888, bespoken before it went to press, and added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

CHRIST TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

A New Picture.

See announcement in another column. Every subscriber of THE BLADE who has a copy of Christ Before Pilate or Christ on Calvary, should send 25 cents for our new engraving, Christ Teaching in the Temple.

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few more copies of the above engraving on hand. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A NEW PICTURE.

Washington Entering New York and the Presidents of the United States.

Printed on heavy plate paper, size 22x28, representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolution, just after the embarkation of the British troops for home. It is a spirited engraving, portraying the greatest event of our Revolution next to the Declaration of Independence. The centennial of this event will be celebrated in New York on the 30th of the present month. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

This picture sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

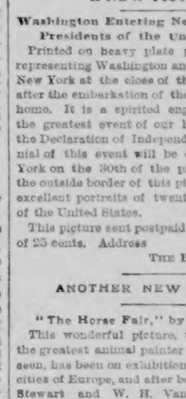
THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Use gut in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight a the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with the BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with the BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

A MISHAP.

I thought it was Kate; how came you here, Nell?
And how could I wait?
I thought it was Kate.
The moonlight is faulty, I hope you won't tell.
I really am sorry; pray, pardon me, Nell.
Don't berate.

I thought it was Kate; you're sure you won't tell?
Then this is for you,
And this, and this, too.
Let the moonlight be faulty. Quite sure you won't tell?
Great heavens! Am I wrong? Isn't it Nell?
It was Kate!

P. S.—And since the mishap the two have not spoken.
'Twas announced the next day the engagement was broken.

Bishop McQuaid and the Papacy.

The bishop is represented as saying that there is no doubt whatever that the successor of the present pope will be an Italian, as the college of cardinals recognize "the fact that,

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHAT IS TRUE HEROISM?

Unflinching Performance of Duty Most Worthy of Admiration.

'T was Charles Lamb, I believe, who was so anxious to see the Polish patriot Kosciusko, "because," said he, "I have never seen a hero; I wonder how they look." And all the while those who were familiar with his daily life, of its utter self-abnegation, knew that he was himself as true a hero as the man he so longed to look upon. He never married, but through all the years of their life, tenderly watched over the sister, who was subject to sudden fits of insanity, in one of which she killed their mother. Think of the constant anxiety day and night which could not be transferred to another for a single hour, for even though away from her, there was yet the fear of what she might do to herself as well as to others, and he dearly loved her!

"Of such stuff are heroes made."

We are apt to count this as largely composed of physical courage. They who in some moment of great danger snatch others from the jaws of death by some daring deed that called for forgetfulness of possible personal consequences during the hour will receive the world's plaudits. Their deeds are made the theme of song and story, and will thrill the hearts of thousands who never, for a moment, dream that among them are those whose daily life demands more true courage to face than to do the heroic deed which has won their admiration. It is sometimes easier to look death in the eye than life, and under intense excitement fear seems to vanish away suddenly. Soldiers know that in the rush and roar of battle, they lose all dread of the messengers of death that may be flying thick as hail-stones all around them. They will rush into the thick of the combat without regard to consequences and we read with bated breath of their daring and join in the songs of praise that call them heroes. And so they are, when they face the foe through love of country. Few indeed there are who would not say from the heart:

"Let me leave
The world when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go to rest.
With kindred spirits—spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood,
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good,"

and yet they face the possibility of a sudden leaving of life upon the battle field.

TRUE HEROISM.

It was heroism in Grace Darling to commit herself to the mercy of the raging waters to rescue those who could not help themselves. The pilot that stood at his post while the seething, roaring flames drew nearer and nearer—stood trying to guide the ship with its living freight to a place of safety, until they wrapped him in their deadly embrace, was a true hero. The young girl who crept in the midnight tempest across the railroad bridge with the rushing torrent below—crept on hands and knees upon the shaking, quivering trestlework until she reached the other side, and then sped onward to save the train that was bearing hundreds of people swiftly toward the yawning abyss was a heroine. The telegraph operator who stood at her post at Johnstown, sending warnings down the valley, refusing to flee when she might have done so, — stood until the flood-wave swept her into the other life, was truly heroic. Ah, it is easy to recall the names or deeds of many noble men and women who have risen to grand heights of self-abnegation in some hour when the need was great, and sacrificed their own material existence to save others, and our hearts beat, and our eyes fill at the thought of their unselfish, heroic action.

OTHERS EQUALLY HEROIC.

It does not detract from the glory of these deeds to say that there are those equally as heroic, and in some ways even more so, that are doing every day in our midst, among our own friends and neighbors perhaps, but because they are done quietly and continuously, because they do not arrest the thought of the many by some sudden culmination that demands quick and daring action, they are unnoticed and unsung. There is the heroism that enables a woman to leave her home and friends, often saying what she knows in all probability is a last earthly farewell to some dearly loved one, and following her husband into a far-away Western land, to live without the comforts of civilization, without congenial society, hoping, fearing, waiting for the prosperity that is to come from the change, frequently seeing the years slip by without realization, until only endurance remains. It is harder for her than for her husband, and demands a greater sacrifice, for he has opportunities to catch a breath of the outside world that do not come to her. Her field of work is narrower, and she misses the old home friends and faces more, but shutting all this away in her heart, she goes heroically on to the end, because it is duty.

A BRAVE YOUNG GIRL.

I recall the story of a young girl whose aspiration was to become a painter. Every beautiful thing in nature made upon her the most vivid impression, and she longed to place it upon canvas. She was pronounced a genius by those whose judgment was rarely at fault. Her father promised her every advantage, and she was working enthusiastically when, suddenly, her father passed away. Left with limited means, her invalid mother to be cared for, her brother to be educated, she faced the necessity of giving up all of her cherished dreams. Friends came forward and offered to advance the money for her to continue her studies, but to do this she must leave her mother, who shrank from the separation. After a long struggle, which cost her more than anyone knew, she gave it all up, and heroically went forward doing the duty which each day brought to her, cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

It is this unflinching performance of duty which involves the giving up of self, this day-by-day abnegation of what is most desired, that really makes the heroes and heroines of this life that are most worthy of admiration. Such heroism is not the outburst of some sudden enthusiasm or exaltation, but it is the calm, daily and hourly crucifixion of self of which it is constituted; it is the accepting, not the possibility of a loss of the physical life, but of all that, humanly speaking, makes that life worth the living. It means for some day in the future, possible desolation and dearth of motive for action, a condition worse than death.

Some one has said that "no one is a hero to his valet," meaning that often those whose deeds have won the world's praise, in private life prove themselves no greater in thought and deed than common humanity. Herein lies the difference between this every-day heroism, of which I am speaking, and that which springs from sudden impulse demanding immediate action. Both have their uses to better humanity. Both alike spring from the desire to be true to the highest part of nature, but the one is a single obedience to a sudden inspiration, while the other comes from the continuous listening to the indwelling spirit. Which of these two in the sight of the Infinite is the greater?

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

EOPLE who know how to use the pencil and brush in decorating have the advantage over those who do not, and yet there are a great many beautiful things which can be made without this art. The India and China silks with their exquisite figures that look as if Nature tossed them upon the surface, so natural are they, can be used for many things in place of the hand decoration.

LANDSCAPE MIRROR DESIGN.—Size, 38x55 inches; width of frame, 9 inches. A new and charming design for a square mirror frame is the following: Make the upper part blue sky, deeper overhead and growing paler towards the horizon, where light floating clouds are seen. The sky should be one-quarter the depth of the frame. Meeting the sky is a distant gray-green meadow, which grows warmer and brighter in color in the middle distance and foreground, where are seen a flock of sheep grazing. A little stream of water, which reflects the blue sky, gives variety to the scene. In the foreground is a shepherd lying at the foot of a large oak tree, whose branches are carried up the left side of the frame almost to the top, the spreading branches reaching out partly across the sky. The foreground, shepherd and two or three sheep, are the important features. If well carried out, this design will be very effective.—MAUDE DEVERE.

TO CRYSTALIZE GRAINS OR FLOWERS.—First, dip into a strong solution of gum arabic water; then hang in jars containing a strong solution made by boiling alum in water, until the water will dissolve no more alum.

Let them stand in a place where there will be no jar for 24 hours, or until they are crusted over with alum. Colored crystals can be made by adding diamond dyes to the white, but they are not as pretty as the white crystals.—MONTANA MAY.

A CHEAP LAMBREQUIN.—A. M. B. requests an inexpensive lambrequin pattern. I will try to tell how I have made them. Cut a paper pattern just as long as the shelf you wish to drape, and as deep as you wish your lambrequin. Cut in deep points, having the one in the center a little larger than the others. Then make another set of points to fasten on the back side, to fill the spaces between the first ones.

Take some old muslin, starch and iron. Cut like the patterns, then baste the muslin on white wadding, being careful to keep smooth, and allowing half an inch to turn over and fasten upon the edge, using the wadding for the outside. Feather stitch all the edges with some bright silk, except the top of the second row of points, which will be hid behind the first row. Fasten together and arrange scrap pictures and gilt stars to suit your taste. If you wish something cheap I think you will be pleased with the effect.—MYRTLE.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

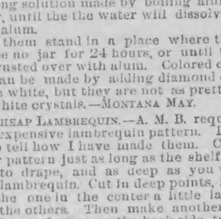
Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; c st, cinta stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c d, double cinta stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

FANCY LACE PATTERN FOR STOCKING.—Make the number of stitches devisible by 17. 1st round—o—n—k 1—c—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 1—n—k 3—n—k 1. Repeat. 2d and every alternate round—plain. 3rd round—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—k 1—n—k 1—n—k 1. Repeat. 5th round—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—k 5—o—k 1—k 3 tog—k 1. Repeat. 7th round—o—n—k 1—o—n—n—k 3—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 3. Repeat. 9th round—o—n—k 1—o—n—n—k 1—n—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 3. Repeat. 11th round—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—k 3—o—k 3. Repeat. 12th round—Plain. Repeat from 1st round.

WIDE RICK-RACK.—Rick-rack No. 29; thread No. 20; count 24 points from end, fold so you will have 12 double points on edge to be tacked. Tack 10th, 11th and 12th double points with 2 or 3 button-hole stitches *. Now count on the tacked edge to 4th point, fold the 4th point on the other edge, count 9 double points, tack 10th, 11th, 12th points *. Repeat from * to * for this part. Now to fill the scallops: 1st round—fasten thread to first point to the left of tacked place, with crochet needle, then * 9 ch, 1 s c, on next point * repeat from * to * 16 times, 9 ch, 1 tr, on tacked points, 4 ch, 1 tr on 1st point. 2d round—6 ch, 1 tr in 8 ch, * 1 ch, 1 tr in next, 9 ch, * repeat from * to * 16 times, 1 ch, 1 s c on 5th of 6 ch. 3d round—4 ch, 1 treble on next 9 ch, 5 ch, work off top loop of first and second tr, but draw thread through both; repeat this around and fasten on 4 of 4 ch at beginning of third round. Break off thread, and repeat directions to fill all wheels.—S. E. H.

FAGOT STITCH.—To make this stitch, make a chain. 1st row: (Front.) Have one loop on the needle. Take up two chain stitches.* Throw the worsted over the needle and draw it through these three



loops. Make two chain stitches. Take up once more the loop last taken up. Take up the next chain stitch. Repeat from *.

2d row: Turn the work. Take up a stitch, in passing the needle from back to front, through the loops underneath the second chain stitch; then pass the needle from front to back through the two loops underneath the second chain stitch (see Fig). Throw the worsted over the needle and draw it through the stitch. This new loop and the one already on the needle are drawn together. Repeat from *, being careful to put the hook from back to front after having passed it from front to back.

Repeat both first and second row. Single crochet has to be worked in the upper loops of the last row.—*Crochet Series.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT SHE WANTS.—We have taken THE BLADE a long time, and are specially interested in the work Miss Bouton is doing for women in advising methods of gaining a livelihood, etc. How I should like some help from either the editor or some of the sisters.

We live in Oregon, and on the beautiful Umpqua river, but surrounded by forests and some distance from town. We are often lonely. We should like to make a home for an elderly gentleman or lady, or a couple if not too infirm, and would give such attention as they required on very reasonable terms for the sake of their society. Or we would take an invalid of any age who would wish a home in a quiet family of two, with no children. Have a commodious house, plenty of shade, fruit, poultry, milk, fresh eggs, etc., and am a careful housekeeper. Would prefer a musical person. If satisfied, the home might be a very pleasant one. This valley is very beautiful and specially beneficial to those suffering from nervous diseases.

I do not give my name as I once addressed a few words to THE BLADE, and my I received letters from every state in the Union. I got 60 in two days, and of that number, but 15 contained stamps for answering. Nay, more, many wrote postal cards on a matter purely in their own interest, but all were unanimous in one thing, viz.: that I should "write at length in return," answering from 10 to 30 queries. I secured assistance and answered all the letters but I never want to have my name published again, so subscribe myself —AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Umpqua Valley, Oregon.

Any one answering this must send an address which can be published in the Answer to Inquiry column.—ED.

TO THE GIRLS.—I have been a silent reader of THE BLADE for two years, and thought I would like to give the girls a bit of motherly advice, (which I am inclined to think that some need.)

Don't be wild, rude, or speak before you think. I have known girls who, with a crowd of young folks, would say things in reply to a question without thinking, and many have blushed at their words. Again, don't talk slang, for any one knows that slang is just as bad for girls as swearing is for boys. I heard two girls (or rather young ladies) talking, last week, about slang, and I wish they had written it down on paper and sent it to THE HOUSEHOLD, for it was a splendid definition of slang. It was: "Slang is the first stage of swearing."

Don't allow yourself out after night with a young man of disputed character, for no good will come of it.

I wish to say that I have disobeyed one of the "don'ts," and that is, "Don't write to the boys, and don't ask for their pictures." I have written to a gentleman of good character, and I am as pure now as I was before I wrote. Of course there are some I would scorn writing to. Now, if I have not tired the editor's patience with this, I will write again. Will the editor of THE HOUSEHOLD write something about Mrs. Hayes, who died recently? I wish success to THE HOUSEHOLD and all of its readers.—KANSAS BRUNETTE.

The editor wrote something in regard to Mrs. Hayes in the "Women of the White House," and there was much regarding her in the telegraph column at the time of her death.—ED.

A PLEASANT WORD.—After a busy week's work I walked two miles to the postoffice Friday evening to enjoy a visit from the Weekly BLADE. The first article which attracted my attention was the letter by Miss Harris, of Michigan. All the way home I wondered how many in this broad land, after reading her letter, are ready to cry "Amen." How many there are who commenced teaching at 17, some younger, are working and enjoying the work, similar to Miss H? I can count them by the score.

I endorse all her sentiments but one. She is surely mistaken in thinking her own company worth nothing to her. As beneficial as society is, solitude and reflection are equally so. Her letter shows that her own society is worth something to herself; much to her pupils. How we enjoy seeing our own ideas, and truths, which are self-evident, clothed in plain language and put in print. Some say to us, "Don't you get tired? Isn't it tedious?" etc. Yes, of course we become tired; so do people in other vocations, but we rest again. Though we can not all count the stars or write beautiful editorials, each, in her own way, can do something for others, something for herself and enjoy, as Miss Bouton expresses it, the work that "physics pain."

I enjoy "Montana May's" writings. I have crochet lace patterns, which I will send to THE BLADE, if desired. Should I send them, I will use the stitches and abbreviations explained by "S. E. H.," in BLADE No. 29, July 11.—MATILDA.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have them. Do not send any very long or intricate patterns.—ED.

HOME MADE CRADLES.—Some one requested me to tell them how to make and ornament them. I never use one, as I find a buggy much more handy and healthy. However, I will tell all I know about the home made ones.

The easiest way is to get a smooth box the right size and have rockers screwed (not nailed) to it. A foot or more from the head fasten a hoop (a wood hoop to form an arch, and half way between this and the top end fasten another hoop a little lower, or you can fasten it at the very top edge or end. Smooth all rough places with sand paper and paint or stain the whole, or it can be covered smoothly with cambric, all but the rockers. The top can be covered with a straight or gathered hood of cambric. Tack a tick filled with straw or hay at the bottom. Upon this put a little mattress of cotton, tacked like a comfort. The sheets are all in one, with the fold at the foot. A little cheese cloth puff and a pillow complete the bed clothes. It is well to have one or two flannel sheets and several extra quilts or puffs. A square of mosquito netting is also required to throw on it, when mosquitoes or flies are about.

Another way is to take a flour or apple barrel and cut out one-third, having first tacked the hoops of the other two-thirds fast to the staves. This forms a low cradle and requires no rockers, but has inch and a half square strips nailed to each side to prevent its rocking over. This also has hoops fastened on to form a top, and is painted, stained, or covered.

I like swinging beds the best, and there is no danger of their ever rocking over. Make a stout framework by first making two triangles, having two sides measure four feet and a half, and the other side, 28 inches. Fasten these triangles together at the top and both sides of the bottom, with short strips two or three inches longer than the cradle is to be. Bore holes in the top beams large enough for a half-inch rope to pass through, and as far from the ends the cradle will come. This forms an upright, short framework from which to swing the cradle. I would advise putting it together with screws, first using good, thick glue. Paint or stain this frame.

A box or a barrel, cut as above, makes a good bed, and has holes through which half-inch ropes are passed, also passing through the holes in the beam. Instead of holes in the latter, large, stout screw-eyes, secured to the under part, are much the best. Paint, stain or cover the box, and have mosquito-netting to cover the whole frame. In this style the canopy is not put on the box. A champagne basket is the nicest for the bed, or a large clothes-basket will do. They can be made very pretty by painting pink, blue or delicate green. If painted or stained any dark color, lines or dots of gilt make it more attractive.

One I once saw made this way was painted white and gold. The bed was made of a barrel, painted white, with gold hoops. A fancy cheese-cloth puff was tied and crocheted around the edge with gold-colored silk. The netting had a broad hem and cheap lace around it, and the little pillow-cases were edged with lace. I trust these hints may be of use to the one who asked about them.

I find the only way to keep the little ones clean is to dress them often. Make a goodly lot of perfectly plain, long-sleeved, high-necked aprons out of blue and white calico. Under these wear a pretty dress and collar. When anyone comes or they are not playing in the dirt take off their aprons. If you do your own washing make the dresses of turkey red with a lay down collar of embroidery or lace, and the same on the sleeves. My favorite way is to cut off two widths as long as the dress, hem included. Tuck both widths to form a yoke, cut out, run up the shoulders and under the arms. Hem the plocket and bottom; edge the neck and sleeves with the embroidery. At the lower edge of the tucks, stitch it across or the tucks will draw out of place. They are pretty easily made, and easily washed. With half a dozen such dresses, and a dozen aprons, a child can be kept looking neat. Put a clean apron on after dinner, and make it do the next forenoon, unless it is badly soiled. If you do not feel able to iron so many little garments, shake out well when hung up to dry, do not starch, and when taken from the line, fold smoothly and place upon a shelf, under a heavy board and place a weight upon it.

By the by, sheets, plain pillow-slips, towles, kitchen aprons, etc., can be ironed in this way. You good housekeepers may look agast at my suggestions, but if I had to do my own washing and ironing, I should most surely do this way and spend the time thus saved in reading, writing or resting. I love smoothly-ironed clothes, but I value a woman's health more, and think it is a mother's duty to try and keep up with the times, so as to teach her children, for some have them think that she is only fit to drudge for them, as, I am sorry to say, too many children of to-day think. Don't love your ironing table or broom and dust rag more than you do your children. Mingle with them and make yourself one of them, even if you do have to let some things go undone.—MONTANA MAY.

INQUIRIES.

Will some of your many readers tell me how to get rid of small red ants? They are in kitchen and pantry and in the cellar. I have tried every way I can think of to banish them, but as yet have not found anything that will keep them away.—JOE G. HAYS.

Will some of THE BLADE subscribers of Oregon please state if the climate of that country would be beneficial to one afflicted with bronchial troubles.—KANSAS SUB.

I would like to ask what I may use for cleaning my stove zinc to keep it from getting spotted.—MRS. ALFRED FULLER Box 58, Crystal, Mich.

Will the members of the HOUSEHOLD, who have Sunday-school papers and cards (English or German), send them to a Sunday-school which will appreciate them? We have organized a Sunday-school here among the Homesteaders, and have named it the "North Star." The people here are poor, and the papers and cards will be received with many thanks.—MISS ESTHER M. REAGAN, Box 63, Glidden, Ashland Co., Wis.

I should be very much pleased if some society composed of young people would write and tell me about their organization, of what they do, etc. We have a society of "Sunday School Workers," of which I am president, but haven't enough to do, and want to know of different ways by which to raise money towards building a new church. I should also be delighted to correspond with any of THE BLADE girls who are in their teens; also, if any of the young readers are saving a collection of stamps I shall be pleased to send them some English ones if they will send me their address.—BESSIE M. CHAPMAN, Trenton, Mo.

Will some reader of THE BLADE living in California be so kind as to send me a few seeds of the twining hyacinth? It grows among the mountains and blooms from May to September. I will pay postage.—MRS. W. WILAND, Box 14, Joplin, Mo.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD readers who have youths' papers please send me some? I will return the favor, if possible.—A. C. HANSFORD, Science Hill, Ky.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE please tell me how to curl white tips so as to look like new? I like THE HOUSEHOLD very much, as I find a great deal of useful and valuable information in it.—LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAID.

Please send me plain directions for making hair guards. I asked once before but received no answer.—MYRTLE.

An American girl nineteen years old, desires to work in a family of two, for one year. Addres box 104, Crystal Falls, Mich.

The above should have appeared before, but perhaps it is not yet too late.—ED.

If any one wants the "sun-burst" quilt pattern, they will find it in the November number of the *Delineator*; if the "sun-rise," it was recently given in THE BLADE. I had supposed they were the same thing.—MARY HALLOCK.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

I wish to tell Fremont Carr our German neighbor's way of getting rid of morning glories. He bought a farm that was literaly covered with them, got it for very little, because other people thought it worthless. He put the whole place into oats, then told his neighbors he wanted to help each one enough to pay for the work of a man, team and plow two days. All must come when told. When the sign was in the heart in the dark of the moon in August he had the whole farm plowed. The next year he had a few spindling morning glories. He worked the land the same way again and has not seen a morning glory since.

About the warts, my husband cured a large wart on a horse several years ago by rubbing common salt hard into it several times a week for several weeks. Since then he has cured several on horses and cattle three or four applications of sweet oil, if the oil is old and rancid all the better.—JENNIE C.

As I have not seen an answer to subscriber in June 20, in regard to extracting oil from hickory nuts I will tell the only way I know. Take the kernels, about half a cup full, make a little sack of mosquito bar, put the kernels in, put this between two hot flat irons, points down, hold them so the oil will run into a cup or something that the irons can rest on as they are not very agreeable to hold. Can't say as to quantity. Old kernels are dryer than fresh ones.—E. F., Box 174, Goodland, Indiana.

No offers of exchanges are published in the HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

"Topsy Jane": The "brocade painting" you spoke of can be done in either plain or Kensington painting, and before dry it is sprinkled with "brocades." Brocades are made from the same material as bronze powders, but are in tiny flakes, and are very brilliant. The use "flitter," which consists of different colored foils, cut up in minute squares. Flitter is much coarser than brocades, and does not give as good effects. Brocades can be bought at any store where art materials are kept, and usually costs 15 cents per ounce. It comes in the following colors: Blue, chrome green, crimson, fire, green gold, lemon, orange, pale gold, rich gold, silver and mixed colors. It is a good idea for several to club together and buy the colors, as one seldom will ever use a whole or even a half ounce of a color. The best colors are chrome green, fire, rich gold, crimson and silver. There is another kind of material used that is called furtings, but they do not give as good results as the brocades. It is well to add a package of diamond dust to the above. There are two kinds, one made of powdered mica, which is very pooor, and another, much better, made of powdered glass. Any of the painting designs for fabrics, which are given from time to time by Mrs. Thompson and others, are very pretty treated to a shower of brocades. It is hardly necessary to give explicit directions for the painting, as almost every one knows how to do Kensington.—MONTANA MAY.

There was an inquiry in THE BLADE how to get rid of moles. I know just how and will try to tell them. Take a potato, slice in lengthwise in the middle, then take one piece and slice crossways, nearly through, in eight or ten places; then sprinkle a little arsenic between the cuts; dig carefully down until you find where the moles run, put in the potato and cover up with earth.—RUTHY.

If some of the readers will try greasing the spot stained with cherries and rub the grease in before washing, think they will like the result. Try it and report for benefit of others.—ADA.

Mrs. G., Pittsburg: A new book of "Fancy Work and Home Decoration" will be issued in the fall, probably about the first of October.

RECIPES.

GOOD CAKE.—Here is a cake recipe for subscriber, in which water is used in place of milk, and I know this to be good: Whites of 6 eggs; 1½ cupfuls of sugar; ½ cupful of butter; 1½ cupfuls of flour; ½ cupful of corn starch; ½ cupful cold water; 1 teaspoonful of baking powder to each cupful of flour. Mix butter and sugar together, add water, then flour and the whites of eggs alternately. The eggs must be beaten to a stiff froth and the baking powder thoroughly mixed with the flour. Bake in 4 tins, use cocoanut filling, or the following caramel filling:

Caramel Filling—½ cupful of cream, 2 cupfuls of brown sugar, tablespoonful of butter, tablespoonful of flour; boil until candied; flavor with vanilla.

I would thank the lady who sent the recipe for cream dressing for lettuce. It is splendid.

SPANISH CREAM.—Two tablespoonfuls of ground rice; peel of a large lemon, grated; yolks of 2 eggs; pint of milk, and 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat the eggs well, then mix all together, and put in a stew-pan over a very slow fire, stirring one way until it becomes thicker than custard. Pour in a glass dish and ornament with one ounce of blanched almonds and an ounce of preserved orange, or citron cut in strips and slices.

LEMON JELLY.—Make a rich lemonade, using about 4 lemons to a pint of water, also enough sugar to make it sweet. Strain carefully through a cloth and then add ½ box of gelatine; after having dissolved it in a little water, strain again several times; then put in molds and place on ice to become solid. This is very nice when served with whipped cream.

HOW TO MAKE BLACKBERRY WINE OR CORDIAL.—To every gallon of expressed juice take an equal amount of boiling water and pour on the pressed fruit. Let stand two hours and then squeeze out as much as there is of juice, and mix; then add 4 pounds of brown sugar to each gallon and let stand 3 or 4 weeks without a bung in the keg or barrel, simply putting a piece of gauze over the hole to keep out the flies.

When it is done working, bung it up and keep in the cellar.—AUNT SUE.

SUMMER DRINK.—10 gals. of water, 6 lbs. of molasses and 3 ozs. of bruised ginger have boiled together for half an hour, 2 lbs. of the outer sprigs of the spruce-fir are to be added, and boiled for 5 minutes. Strain the whole through a hair-selve, and when milk-warm put into the cask, and stir well into it a teacupful of good yeast. When it has fermented a day or two, bring it up and bottle the next day. It will be fit for use in a week. The ginger is sometimes omitted, and instead of the spruce-fir, 3 ozs. of the essence may be used, which is to be well whisked together with the molasses and a gallon or two of warm water; then put into the cask; which is to be filled up with water, and the yeast added. One would think this would be an excellent thing for harvest time.—*Detroit Tribune.*

A GOOD CAKE.—With water in place of milk. One cupful of sugar, ½ cupful of butter, ½ cupful of water. 3 eggs and 2 cupfuls of flour, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This makes a good loaf or layer cake.—MRS. E. E. C.

TO BLEACH A WHITE STRAW HAT.—Scrub hat gently with a soft brush and a suds of soft water and white soap. At night place in a batter made of white cornmeal and buttermilk. In the morning wash in clear water and hang out to dry, and when dry, place in a box or barrel over a brimstone smoke. I think one trial will bleach your hat beautifully white; if not, repeat. This is the old-fashioned way of twenty years ago, before acids were used.

A FLEA REMEDY.—Scatter walnut leaves, or branches full of leaves, about your rooms and place them between your beds. Renew every few days till the flea fleeth.—MARIA A. WILSON, Niangua, Webster Co., Missouri.

—Presto! Change! Gray and faded beards made to assume their original color by appiying Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails to satisfy.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CROW P. O., COLO.
Harvey S St John
Isaiah M St John
Pearl E St John

WILSON, WIS.
Perry Wilson
James Walker
Merton Tucker
Ambrose Gaylord
Emil Koonst
Billie La Pointe
Merton Ayers
George Tucker
Floyd Ayers
Julius Hassel
Eddie Walker
Frank Koonst
Frank Henkle
Alice Wilson
Bessie Crane
Elgie Holbrook
Anna Hassel
Wynne Beagle
Emma Nelson
Lena Walker
Pearl Gaylord
Jennie Koonst
Bertha Roberts
Josie Anderson
Edward Hougan
Herbert Tucker
John Douthitt
Theodore Keenlyne
Simon Swanson
Oscar Hassell
Hattie Wilson
Effie Holbrook
Charlotte Douthitt
Lydia Koonst
Albertie Campbell
Mable Curtis
Mary Jacobson
Esther Cambell
Gertie Jacobson
Caroline Wang
Ronga Wang
Jane Swanson
Florence Anderson
Willie Anderson
Paul Phillips
Tea Nelson
Lew Roberts
Val Roberts
Bernice Roberts

Names this week, 52. Total 27,307.

The above embraces all names received up to July 26.

"TOO MANY OF WE."

A TRUE STORY.

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked, with a sigh;
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs could die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the heavy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little ones least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Claire
In her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with the blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low.
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

—*Caroline B. LeRow in Woman's Journal.*

THE HAPPY COUNTRY.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.
(Author of "The Princess Lilliwinkins.")

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who had many reasons for being unhappy. Because it rained; because she had her lessons to learn; because she had to practice and take her dancing lesson; because it did not snow; because her birthday cake was eaten up; because her pet kittens either died or grew up; and, greatest reason of all, because all her dresses had to be let down. All her other troubles were as nothing compared to this last one; for the others might change or go away entirely; but her dresses would have to be let down several times a year until she grew up, and she felt she could not bear it with patience.

Her friends tried to reason with her, but she hated reasoning even more than having dresses let down, and so that was no comfort, and she just continued thinking that the world was very poorly managed, and that children had the worst or everything. So on this day she sat looking out of the window, feeling very dismal, and wishing, for the thousandth time, that if she had to live in such a world she could at least either be a midget or a grown-up lady, and so escape all the miseries of childhood.

She would not have minded the rain in the least if she could only have gone out in it; but that was not allowed, and she could do nothing but sit at the window and watch the big rain drops chase one another over the panes, or look down into the street at the little puddles forming between the stones, or at the umbrellas that moved along in a steady stream, completely hiding the people they were sheltering, and looking like great black birds, all wings and with no heads or tails or legs. She sat there a long time, and then suddenly decided that she would be naughtier than she had ever been in her life before, and go out in the rain anyhow.

She was so frightened at herself for thinking of such a thing that she did not wait a moment for fear some punishment would follow, but slipped into the closet, put on her water-proof and rubbers, and keeping out of nurse's sight, got safely out the room, and was in the street in no time. She had no umbrella, for she hated them, and liked to feel the rain pat down on her face, and in a moment she had forgotten all about her naughtiness, and ran along as happy as if she were the best little girl in the world.

She did not go into the road once if she could help it, but ran in and out among the rows of cornstalks, caught the low limbs of trees and gave herself shower baths, splashing right through the largest puddles she could find, and even waded, with her shoes and stockings on, across a little brook that she found in her way.

The late birds, who sat shivering in the almost leafless trees, ready to start southward as soon as the storm ceased, were amazed to see this dauntless little figure go singing along beneath them, and shook themselves to see if they were not dreaming, or if the world had not turned topsy-turvy. A good-natured squirrel, admiring her pluck, threw her the largest nut of his collection, and a friendly cat from a farm house across the fields rubbed its wet sides against her, and purred, as if recognizing a kindred spirit; and being in such an amiable mood, she actually caressed the animal, though she always detested cats as being only grown-up kittens.

And in such harmonious surroundings and companions the time passed so quickly that before she knew it the little runaway had traveled far into the country, and found herself in quite a strange place.

On she went very happily for several hours; but finally she began to grow a little tired, and to wish for something to eat, so she sat down to rest in a tuft of tall grass and made a little lunch of some orange peel, raisins and candy that she found in her pocket. This refreshed her very much, and she started off again, wondering if it could be growing dark; for in a little while the whole plain grew so sombre that she could scarcely see. But she soon saw that that the darkness was caused by the shadow of a high mountain, which rose up so suddenly that it looked like a great stone wall reaching from the earth to the sky.

She had always wanted to climb steep hills and mountains, with no one near to insist on holding her hand, and now started up the almost perpendicular wall in the briskest manner. She found it very easy climbing, as she knew she should, and in a short time she was at the very summit, and so high up she could see nothing at all when she looked back but some dark, heavy clouds that the wind was driving swiftly across the fields.

But when she looked down on the other side she found that she could see quite clearly, and the place below looked so inviting that she determined to go thither at once; and as she thought that this would probably be the best opportunity she would ever have of rolling down a whole mountain, she just lay down and rolled to the very bottom, and got up none the worse for it.

As soon as she was again on her feet she saw that she was surrounded by a number of children, who were all playing merrily in the rain. They were as wet as possible and as happy as possible, and crowded around her with shouts of greeting, asking her name, and where she came from, and how long she could stay.

Thereupon she told them that her name was Fancy, that she came from a place where children were always miserable, and she meant to stay until she got tired of the place and wanted a change. At this they all looked at one another, and laughed more merrily than ever, for they had once lived in a place where children were always miserable, and had come to this new home with the same intention of going away again some time as Fancy had. But they never gone away, and never meant to, they said, for the name of this land was the Happy Country, and no one who came to it ever wanted to leave.

Fancy saw that they were dressed in all sorts of queer ways and fashions, looking as different as possible from any children she had ever seen before. Some wore quantities of jewelry, rings, ear-rings, bracelets, bangles and necklaces abounding in the greatest profusion. Most of them had their hair hanging straight down their backs, and many wore court trains of silk and velvet; all the dresses had immense pockets in them, which were filled with candy and nuts, and which the generous owners lavishly bestowed upon Fancy; and every child had a pet of some kind, pug dogs being most plentiful, though there were a number of canaries, and not a few mud turtles, which reposed upon their mistresses' velvet robes in the most affectionate manner.

Then Fancy began questioning them, and found out that it was unknown in that country to wish for anything and not get it. Upon hearing this she immediately wanted to wish for something, but was so dazed by the thought of getting anything she could ask for that it was some time before she could collect her thoughts sufficiently to make up a wish.

Finally she remembered that she had always wanted a doll that would answer her when she spoke to it, and not say stupidly, "Papa," Mamma," when she squeezed it.

No sooner had this thought passed through her mind than she found in her arms the loveliest doll imaginable. She hugged it close in her arms, in her joy, and asked if it really belonged to her. At which the doll smiled and said "Yes," and was obliging enough to keep up a conversation of some minutes without any signs of needing to be wound up, or any hint that would ever run down. This gift so delighted Fancy that she immediately wished it would stop raining, so that she could play house.

Instantly she found herself whisked away to a beautiful dry lawn, where the grass was as green as in midsummer, and on which the sun was shining as brightly as if it had never rained at all.

She found some of the little girls had come there with her, who, with a number of new ones, formed a party large enough to play house in the most elaborate manner, and thereupon Fancy wished for a doll house. In a moment one stood there, large enough for her to go in at the door, and having an upstairs and down-stairs, and cellar. Then she set the table, and dined on real plum cake and chocolate eclairs, and drank real tea and coffee just as strong as she liked.

As soon as they grew tired of playing house they wandered over the lawn to a beautiful lake with a fine level beach, upon which they ran up and down until they were so warm that they all jumped right into the water like so many fishes, and after plunging around for some time climbed up on some rocks in the middle of the lake, and sat there chatting until they were quite rested.

Fancy thought this the most delightful thing in the world, for she had always wanted a chance to plunge into cool, sparkling water when hot and tired, but had never been allowed to do so before.

But she noticed that every now and then some child would disappear suddenly, and this happened once or twice when she was talking to the very child that thus left them, she asked what it meant.

Her companions told her that this was because the children took a sudden fancy for something else, as children often do, and that probably those who had been there a few moments before were now playing some other game, or eating lunch, or driving, or walking, or doing whatever they might choose.

Fancy thought this idea such a splendid one that she immediately wished herself lying in a hammock, as she felt a little tired, and in a moment she found herself swinging to and fro in the most comfortable hammock she had ever been in. When the sun came in her eyes she wished the leaves of the trees to move and shade her, which of course they did, and so she laid there for an hour, and drank lemonade through a long straw as often as she liked, for she was thirsty as well as tired, and wanted as much of her favorite beverage as she could drink.

And in this pleasant manner she went from one thing to another until the day was passed, and she was actually glad to go to bed, although she was told she need not hurry in the least, and in fact could sit up all night if she wished.

But she thought she would rather go to bed as usual this time, and sit up some night when she felt more tired; and so instantly she was conveyed to a charming little room, and lay down very happy and contented. On feeling something hard under her head, she raised her pillow and found there a neat pile of school books, and on asking what this meant, she was informed that in this delightful manner the children of the Happy Country learned all their love of books. Fancy was

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE ON HOW TO BE SAVED

The Noted Brooklyn Divine Preaches in St. Paul, Minn., Before an Immense and Appreciative Congregation—Full Text of a Memorable Discourse.

ST PAUL, Minn., July 28.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city to day. His subject was "The Earthquake," and he took for his text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi, 31. The sermon was as follows:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted peace? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

The Song of Paul and Silas.

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They can not sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their necks are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden smkets, and of course they can not sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of song and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong keen thrust to put an end to his exciteme nt and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and bonfires on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. Short, quick, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caracas; but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen a city many times shaken by a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837 or in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and one after another that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been a sudden down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed, the curtains dropped, the laughter hushed. Crush! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. We have seen and felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out, as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called Christ, while in other parts might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ."

You Can Trust Him.

Now, who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung aimidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and how much water it will bear. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me" was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could help put his head there. I suppose to look at Christ was to love him. Oh, how attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could and brought them out that he might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Do not bring me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosies?" No, no, there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of earth turn pale! Here is a plain man, with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through the ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ! But it was not effeminacy or insipidity or character; it was accompanied with majesty infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

The Death of Christ.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; he was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In an European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was wasning away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say, "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, nor for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust him? I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saying, "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands is, "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons, "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust anyone. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away your sins and they are all taken away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? before I read my Bible any more? before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

You Are Saved.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry: "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wing of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the life boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are down full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump, and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long-continued acclamations, with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built it, and you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you to do to walk across it, and you look upon it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you? "How much?" Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! thou despoiler of families. With this battle axe I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruction."

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house in Heaven how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity.

Jesus Is Heaven's Bloom.

Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awaken in his likeness.

When You Will Know.

Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me "in heaven." Some one went into a house where there had been a great deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am musing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Aged men and women, fed by his love and warmed by his grace for threescore years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon him whom, having not seen, you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the bridegroom of the church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm, while he looks down into her face and says, "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Colt Rubs Its Dock—Mare Scratches.

J. T. E., Eaton Rapids, Michigan: We infer from your letter that your colt is troubled with thread worm, which reside excisively in the rectum. They are in size an inch or so long, and are white in color. Give it a physic, and carefully watch the feces. If, as we suspect, you find any, specific treatment is then necessary. If discovered, write us, naming paper in which this appeared, and we will tell you what to do. For the scratches, carefully rub the part with soft cloths until clean. Then take of solution of subacetate of lead, ½ oz.; glycerine, 4½ ozs. Mix and apply. Bandage with soft cotton cloth. Do not wash the parts affected with water. Give moderate exercise.

Cabbage Worms—Mare With Sore Shoulder.

J. L. C., Reno, Nevada: There is no absolute remedy against the depredations of various kinds of cut-worms. For those that feed upon the heads of cabbage, by stirring an ounce of buhach or pyrethrum powder in a gallon of water, they are pretty well cleaned out. The trouble is in getting the powder in fresh condition, as it loses its strength if exposed to the air any length of time. Young plants sprayed with London purple mixed with water will destroy them. Where cut-worms destroy the stock by cutting it off below the ground, by punching a sharp pointed stick in the ground near the plant to the depth of six inches, and dropping four or five drops of bi-sulphate of carbon into the hole, quickly covering up, the worms are destroyed. Professor Riley, after experience, recommends this as a successful method of destroying cut-worms. Make loose balls of succulent leaves of cabbage, turnips or clover, or other plants, soak them in a solution of Paris green, and when the ground is prepared for a crop needing perfection, place them in rows or at intervals in the ground, and allow the worms to feed. Two such applications at intervals of three or four days, are sufficient. Ground that has a liberal supply of lime in it is less subject to the broods of cut-worms than that which has but little in it.

Cow With Discharge From Her Nostrils—Acts as if Her Nose Itches.

E. H., Skaneateles, N. Y.: Cows are subject to the stoppage of the nostrils by thick secretion, and by swelling of the lining membranes of the nose. By examination, there is at times found a fungous or skin-like growth, nearly filling the nostril, which finally bursts, and there is a free discharge of pus. The treatment is to inject olive oil into the nostrils to prevent the drying of the secretions. Also, have the animal inhale steam from a hot bran mash in a nose bag. When the abscess breaks, syringe the nose with tincture of chloride of iron, 1 oz.; water, 3 pints. Syringe daily four, five or six days. If a polypus has formed in the nose it must be cut out. It may be that your cow has a splinter or some other foreign substance in one or both of her nostrils. The itching would indicate that this may be the case, and that nature in its attempted healing process causes itching. If the case runs into cough, other means in addition to the above must be resorted to. If cough should occur advise us.

Something Growing Out of Eyeball of Cow.

J. M. S., Jamestown, Colorado: We cannot say, positively, what is the real nature of the excrescence with your cow's eye, but we fear it is cancer. We advise you to see a competent veterinarian, and have him examine it. If it be cancer the eye will have to be dissected out, and then it is doubtful if a permanent cure can be had. Some people recommend, after the eye is taken out, to fatten the animal and then kill and use the flesh. The majority of people are of the opinion that the flesh should not be eaten. If you find the following symptoms, the eye closed and red, the small blood vessels enlarged and injected, it may be conjunctivitis, but if these symptoms are absent—they are not spoken of in your letter—the sooner you call a veterinarian, the better. Conjunctivitis may be caused by the entrance of foreign body that may have gathered in the eye, and apply this lotion with a soft feather or camels-hair brush to the eyeball three times a day, until all inflammation is removed: Sulphate of atrophia, 2 grains; water, 1 oz. After this apply twice a day, in addition to the above, sulphate of zinc, 3 grains; water, 1 oz. Touch this to the eyeball.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice in THE BLADE of July 20, a short communication from C. L. G., of Rock Springs, Mo., in reply to F. W. Corbin, in which he vigorously assails the Alliance on several points. In the first place, his implication that "in order to accomplish something" through the Alliance "we have to sell our liberty to a party, either secret or political," is false from beginning to end. Such a thought could only be conceived in a mind totally uninformed on the subject of its cogitations. There is absolutely nothing in the constitution, by-laws, rules, regulations, initiatory oath, ritual, or anything else connected with the Alliance, which in any manner tends to coerce a member's political actions, or to abridge or abrogate his individual, political or religious privileges and liberties. The *Southern Mercury* is not the Alliance paper. If C. L. G. was well enough versed on Alliance matters to be a competent authority as to which is the leading Alliance paper, he could not fail to see that it is to the best interest of every farmer to join the alliance. His assertion implying that "the party" started up in Texas is also erroneous, if by "party" he refers to the Farmer's Alliance. "On the 15th of April, 1880, a meeting of Cook county (Ills.) farmers was held at the office of the *Western Rural*, and Cook County Alliance, No. 1, was organized." (From History of the Alliance movement by the secretary of the National Farmers' Alliance.)

The Farmers' Alliance is made up of the best element the country affords and generally enlists among its members a large majority of the reading and thinking farmers of all sects, parties and classes in communities where it exists. These farmers, even though organized—which seems to be the only real objection which Mr. Stine, C. L. G., and others have to the Alliance—will never precipitate upon themselves the great calamity of free trade, unless in the light of future events such action seems advisable as a choice of unavoidable evils; as the farmer's lot could hardly be more undesirable under a free trade regime than it is getting to be now under the fostering care of the trusts, combines, pools, grain speculators, avaricious corporations, etc., and other 19th century productions of American enterprise and ingenuity. C. L. G. prophecies an Alliance man as candidate for the Presidency on the free trade ticket in 1892. I prophecy a greater calamity still; mark my words: If the present indefensible indifference with regard to the alarmingly rapid increase of the sundry and various plots, schemes, and institutions gotten up to cheat, defraud, oppress, and prey upon the producing classes, continues among the people's representatives in the legislative departments of our state and national governments, the near future will witness such an uprising in popular sentiment—if not in more material ways—among the honest toilers of this country as will inextricably bury beneath the unfathomable depth of obscurity all those who, either directly or indirectly by their activity or infunction, give aid or sanction to any of these schemes for oppression.—A. D., Labette county, Kansas. [No country of the world has so many powerful trusts and combines as free trade England.—ED.]

An Excellent Letter From Mr. Stine.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Whilst some of the correspondents of the FARM are beating the dust out of the miller's clothes in order to show up their shortcomings, others are holding up the "modus operandi" of listing as no good and a failure, and as the readers of THE BLADE FARM well know that I am a new convert to the latter mode of planting corn, and as such are generally supposed to be fired with zeal and ardor, in defence of the cause they espouse, I therefore, in order not to belie the accepted theory, am reluctantly compelled to take up the cudgels, as it were, in its defense by some experimental testimony of my own, not so much because I think it needs any, nor on the other hand because its opponents have adduced any damaging facts other than mere assertions. For instance, "Granger," Arlington, Kas., writes in THE BLADE FARM that some of the fields in his section have been listed three times, and many are disgusted with listing, and would in future use the two-horse planter. But he fails to inform his readers why the "disgusted" ones are determined to go back to the flesh pots of Egypt, and thus leave the balance of their brethren groping in worse than Egyptian darkness, without vouchsafing them one schtilla of light, so that they may also avoid the rocks over which they got a fall. I would therefore respectfully suggest, inasmuch as we are all seeking for light, as to how best to succeed in our farm operations, both as regards economy of time, labor and money, and not the least of all, their success, that it would greatly help the cause of progress and information, if correspondents in the FARM would give its readers some evidence of the faith that is in them, by citing the plain and simple facts as they come under their own observations, and not mere assertions, for they go for nothing. If I mistake not, such is the aim and object of THE BLADE FARM. I throw out this hint, not because I have any especially conferred on me by its editor, or the powers that be, but purely because, I seek information on all the details of my calling. But in regard to the experiments, I may say that last fall I listed about 40 acres of up-land prairie, half of which was not subsoiled, which latter was a mistake, and which fact I discovered this spring when I planted my corn in all spots where gumbo predominated in the soil. Early in March I listed 12 acres of bottom land, running the subsoiler about four inches. My principal object in listing in the fall and so early in spring, without planting, was to find out whether listed corn could not be planted so that it would come up as early as corn planted on plowed ground with the planter, and I hope many of the readers of the FARM have tried the same or experiments similar, and in due time be ready to aid their fellowmen, as I believe that the details will not only be a full and satisfactory answer to "Granger" and others, but also to the query propounded by a former correspondent who asked, "Why is it that one man will raise more corn per acre than another, all conditions being alike, the same kind of soil, seed, time of planting," etc. I would here state to my readers that my principal objections to listing heretofore were: 1st. The combined lister and planter putting the seed into the cold raw soil, nearly always resulted in a partial failure, and sometimes an entire one, when planted early, with such a tardy growth, that corn planted in the old way, ten days afterwards, came up sooner and outstripped it in growth in all cases that came under my observation. 2d. The way in which those who listed their corn cultivated it. I thought then, and do so now, contrary to all the principles laid down and accepted by the great majority of farmers as constituting good tillage. But by actual test I ascertained that I could over-come both the above objections. The 40 acres listed last fall were harrowed with a disk in March, and the furrows made by the lister were scraped with a large single shovel plow, and then planted with a two-horse rotary drop planter, the ground having been listed three feet eight inches apart for that purpose, and planting finished April 15. The next field planted was bottom land, listed early in March, but not disked until afterwards, and before the corn was up, which was another mistake, as the small clods and stalks which were thrown into the furrows caused the corn to come up very irregularly. The soil in the furrows, before planting, was stirred as above, and the corn planted in the same manner, the balance of the land planted, being all bottom land, was listed but not stirred with the shovel plow and left lie over from the fall, as it always is before planted. The result was as follows: Taking into consideration the coolness of the season in connection with the heavy rains, the stand was a good average, and it came up as soon as if the ground had been plowed and the corn planted in the old way. The field adjoining mine was planted in that way, two days after mine, and according to past experience it should have been the least one of the days before mine, under the usual mode of testing, but it was not; but the reverse, and the relative positions as to growth stand in the same ratio to-day. When I tell my readers that, in a residence here for seventeen years, we have had no such heavy rains and high water, and although part of the farm is very rolling, yet, notwithstanding this, the proportion of corn washed out was not as great as in former years when the ground was plowed and planted with a planter, and no such heavy rains, they will hardly credit it; but yet such is the simple fact. As regards its cultivation, in order to still further reduce the ridges in the field, they were dragged the long way and weekly, the disk was used, with two horses, running the center of it over each row of corn, thus giving each ridge a double harrowing and at the same time loosening the soil within about four inches of the corn. This I consider far superior to the use of the ordinary harrow, or running a single cultivator shovel along each ridge. The disk was followed by the cultivator, having three two and one-half inch shovels attached to each beam. The shovel nearest the corn was slanted outwards from it, and run within about three inches of it. The next one further forward was adjusted so that it would stir the land two inches, and the rear shovel near the center of the ridge. The inside shovel broke up the crust caused by the heavy rains, and at the same time covered up all small weeds that may have started to grow. In other words, the shovels on each beam were so adjusted that they formed what might be called the half of a hollow cone, thus preventing all wobbling, or running across the rows, with which all are familiar who ever attempted to cultivate listed corn, with two shovels on each beam. It is unnecessary for me to state to the readers of THE BLADE FARM, that I was laughed at when I said that I intended to cultivate my corn the first and second time, as I used to do when I plowed the ground for I was, and they would have been fully justified in doing so had I pursued their ordinary mode of cultivation; but I did not, and consequently verified the old adage, "They laugh best who laugh last." The results can be summed up as follows: 1st.—I have not, in the seventeen years of my residence here, cultivated as many acres of corn and at the same time with as much satisfaction to myself and benefit to the land have I actually worked as I have taken into consideration the heavy rainfall. 2d.—I have fully satisfied myself, if I cannot some of my readers, who are "disgusted at listing," and, like the doubting Thomases they are, have no faith in it, that listing corn is just like any other farm work, when skillfully or properly done, with the right implement (as there are listers and listers), and at the right time, corn will come up just as quick, and grow as rapidly, as when planted in the old way, and at the same time cheaper and more expeditious, one span of good horses being able to do as much as two in the ordinary way. 3d.—That in a dry season it will make corn when plowed ground will not. If any one doubts this assertion, let him examine his own corn planted with the planter, and he will find the brace roots above the ground, if the corn has not been recently plowed, and then examine a field of listed, and he will find just the opposite, although it may have been cultivated three weeks ago, and that is the secret of the endurance in a dry spell of the latter over the former.

The facts as stated above are a part of my contribution, in order to carry out the suggestion of last spring to make THE BLADE FARM an experimental one, wherein all the tillers of the soil in Uncle Sam's dominions may take a hand and profit by it. —WM. STINE, Wilsey, Kan.

Statistical Reports.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice in June 20 issue an article relating to statistical reports as given by farmers to assessors and others. Such reports are based, as a rule, on guess work, and generally too high. This greatly pleases the grain sharks who, with keen eye, are watching these reports, and in turn report prospects of immense crops everywhere, and as a result prices will rule low for the year 1889. Now, friend farmers, would it no be good policy to make haste slowly, and take reports of the threshing machines as a basis for your reports, instead of guess estimates? I would suggest that you prepare good, safe storage of your own before threshing, and then if you cannot stand first prices put your grain in bins or rent space in elevators till you wish to sell. "But," says one, "I have obligations I must meet (generally for machinery.) That is another game practiced by manufactories, twin brothers of loan companies, to rob you of profits. Taking a bird's-eye view this farming is a hard problem to solve, so much is depending on circumstances. Our first guide is experience and make a note of the past to govern us in the present and future transactions. It takes a great many people to run the world and a great many men (and women) to know everything. More anon.—A. B. R., Lucas, Kansas.

Mulching Strawberry Plants.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I would like to have some of the many readers of THE BLADE give me their experience in mulching strawberry plants by sowing oats among them. When would be the best time to sow the oats for winter protection and to protect the fruit the coming season from sand and dirt.—W. A. M., Tonganexie, Kansas.

The Mold Board.

There is an unprogressive, sleepy class of politicians who think they are voting for Gen. Jackson every time they go to an election. And there is a very numerous class of drones on the farms, who are really wooden-mold-board farmers. Like the politicians, they have not advanced an inch in fifty years, in enterprise or improvement. They are in a rut, and they are determined to stay there. They have no faith in the teachings of others, and they will not think and investigate for themselves. They are neither lazy nor idle, but are content to accomplish their aims by the most difficult ways, with the least probable results. This is distinctly the wooden mold board system of farming. But there are several classes of non-progressive farmers. There is another class, numerous and determined in their ways, who can be termed "corn and potato farmers." They continue year after year, no matter what the impediments or the prices of such products, to raise corn and hogs extensively. "Men may come and men may go; markets may rise and markets may fall, but the hog and corn man goes on to the end of his hog-gish ways."

And there are the "Scrub Farmers." On the theory that water never rises higher than its source, they are never anything but scrub farmers, raise scrub stock, produce scrub crops, and sell them all for scrub prices. We know of places where large colonies emigrated to parts of Indiana eighty-five years ago, from North Carolina or East Tennessee. They were poor when trash then, and all of the generation (and they are numerous) are all scrubs to this day. The country where they live looks as if it had the consumption, the jaundice, the mulligrubs, and the seven-year itch. And they will always be scrubs, as they have no energy, enterprise or vim to raise. Such people are evidently intended as living demonstrations, to warn the world of the folly and hopelessness of all of the ways of the "old maid board," of "hog and corn," and Carolina scrubs as farmers.—*Des Moines Register.*

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard it as a feature of this paper that is valued by all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, July 27, says: The business outlook had on the whole improved during the week, but on Thursday the assignment of an important dry goods commission house, with liabilities over $4,000,000 occasioned some disquietude. But the general tenor of advices is encouraging; crop prospects improve with the probability of a large foreign demand; the apprehended financial difficulties do not yet develop; the great industries seem to be getting a stronger position; and the railway situation is, at least, no worse. All the cities except nine report larger bank clearings than a year ago.

Latest accounts indicate a decided improvement in the wheat prospect in Minnesota and Dakota, the yield being estimated at 80,000,000 bushels against 60,000,000 last year. The foreign reports are eminently two-faced, but appear on the whole to promise a larger demand than last year's. New wheat is moving freely and is now beginning to affect foreign exchanges and the confirmation of estimates of old wheat in large quantities continues to come forward from northwestern farms, where speculators have represented the supply as exhausted.

The price has advanced only ½c. corn and oats ⅝c each, and hog products have declined a fraction.

Cotton reports are on the whole favorable.

Sugar has declined ⅛c. "Famine" is imminent; the consumption has been sharply reduced by high prices.

There seems to be a real and steady improvement in the condition of the great branches of industry. The demand for iron has so far increased as to cause a general stiffening of prices during the past week. Bar iron is 1-10c higher, rails are firm at $28 and mills stronger; the business in structural and sheet iron is very satisfactory, but the demand for plate is a shade less urgent.

The signs of improvement in the woolen business are less clear, but manufacturers have been buying more freely and there has been some increase in the orders for goods. The confidence in a large fall trade is undiminished. There is a feeling that the force of foreign competition will be less felt thereafter.

The monetary supply is at all reporting points ample and complaints of slow collections from fewer than usual. The treasury has taken in $2,000,000 more than it has paid out during the week, but the exports of gold have been for the moment arrested and commercial bills are more freely made against grain and cotton to go abroad. The exports from New York for three weeks of July have exceeded last year's by 15¾ per cent though the imports are also large.

In the stock market, depression has been followed by a stronger feeling and the average of prices is a fraction better than a week ago, with rather more hopeful prospects as to the settlement of difficulties between Chicago and the seaboard.

The business failures number 216 against a total of 205 last week, and 200 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 221.

CROP PROSPECTS.

The All Absorbing Question at the Present Time.

The following crop estimate is compiled by Colonel Rogers, of the Minneapolis *Market Record*, one of the most reliable crop statisticians in the northwest:

The maturing grain in the spring wheat sections has progressed enough toward maturing so that it is possible to form something like a fair estimate of yield. That it will amount to more than was commonly figured a few weeks ago there is not the least doubt.

The greatest trouble is in arriving at approximations of acreage that are below average and above average. It will be about fair to offset the increase in acreage with the amount plowed up and, that not plowed up that will not be cut, leaving the acreage about the same as last year.

If Minnesota gets 15 bushels, which many think not too high, the total be some 47,000 000 bushels, and for both Dakotas 8 bushels may not be too high or a roundup of 35,000,000 bushels, making 80,000,000 bushels for both.

The last crop, while called 60,000,000 total, was more than 70,000,000 bushels, perhaps not below 75,000,000 bushels of all sorts. It is quite generally conceded that the promise is for some 10,000,000 bushels more than a year ago, which concession, if correct, would indicate 80 to 85 million bushels this year.

Cutting is getting quite general in the South and will be so in the North next week, although a great deal in the South is not ripe enough now, and much will not be in the North next week. So far very little shrunken wheat has been discovered, but same is in a stage that might be affected yet.

CANADIAN CROPS.

An Intelligent Review of the Products of the Soil.

The Toronto, Ont., *Empire* on July 27, publishes special reports from 600 places in the Dominion regarding the state of the crops. They cover the territory from Cape Breton on the east to the Rocky mountains on the west.

Special attention is paid to Ontario, and every district in the province is heard from. The other provinces are dealt with generally but they are well covered.

The reports show that in Western Ontario, wheat, oats, barley, peas, corn, etc., will be a magnificent yield. Hay has been heavy and roots are looking well. Fruit is a failure, except in the western Lake Erie counties.

Potatoes show rot on the low lands, but generally will be a big yield. In Eastern Ontario, with the exception of fruit, there will be the greatest yield in all classes known for years and farmers are jubilant.

In Quebec the hay crop is heavy, and the grain crop above the average, while roots are promising. The same may be said of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Price Edward Island and Cape Breton.

The outlook throughout the maritime provinces is favorable. In Manitoba and the territories the recent rains have improved the outlook wonderfully, and there is every prospect for a good fair average.

Early Harvest.

Word was received at Duluth on July 25 that 20 machines went to work harvesting on the Dalrymple farm and many smaller farms in Cass county, Dakota. This is about two weeks earlier than the usual harvesting time last year.

New Cotton.

The first bale of the new crop of cotton was received at Savannah, on July 25 here to-day from Albany, Ga., by Garnett, Stubbs & Co. It weighs 485 pounds, and it is classified unofficially fully low middling. It will be forwarded to New York.

FRUIT TRUST.

Eastern Dealers to Control this Country's Trade.

A meeting of wholesale fruit merchants, who are interested in the disposition of the Florida orange crop, will be held in New York city on August 1. Leading dealers in oranges from the principal cities throughout the country will attend in person, or have representatives present.

The object of the meeting is ostensibly the combination of the large houses in the trade for the purpose of obtaining lower rates of freight, quicker and better transportation, and the concentration of shipments to two or three of the most important northern cities.

The real object is to form an orange trust, which will control the entire Florida orange crop, direct the packing and shipping, and confine the sale of the oranges to the members of the trust. Last February we announced that steps were being taken to form this combination, and that the matter is now in a fair way of being carried through.

The call for the meeting was sent out by one of the largest dealers in Florida oranges in this city, and several wealthy firms are said to be ready to furnish the financial backing that will be necessary. It is proposed to form a pool of 100 leading fruit merchants and capitalists, each of whom is to contribute $10,000.

This will make a total capital of $1,000,000. With this amount packing houses are to be built at different points in Florida, and the whole business of sorting, packing and shipping the fruit will be conducted. The entire orange crop of Florida is to be handled and shipped to the members of the pool in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and possibly other cities.

The promoters of the scheme claim that it is not a trust, but that it is a co-operative arrangement for the benefit of growers, shippers and sellers. The growers will be asked to contract to ship their crop on the trees, at the uniform rate of $1 a box for 5 years. The fruit will be sold at auction to the trade. All private sales will be stopped, and the demand for the fruit will regulate the price.

MURDER FOR MONEY.

An Aged Physician Killed and Thrown Into a Sewer.

The murder of Dr. A. E. Jones, familiarly known as Col. Jones, at Cincinnati, is one of the most shocking occurrences that has ever taken place in Ohio. The colonel was in his 77th year, but was as active as a man of 50. He had always had an inclination to military life, and kept it up by holding a connection with the Ohio National Guards, serving for a long time as surgeon of the First regiment.

Governor Forsker, who was his neighbor, appointed him a brigade staff surgeon general. He had been active in public affairs, serving often in the municipal council, and had besides held several offices under appointment, from the general government. He was, perhaps, more widely known in Cincinnati than any other citizen.

Dr. Jones left his house about 3.30 o'clock on Thursday, July 25, wearing no coat, his feet in slippers, and went in the direction of his stable. He asked what time it was, though wearing his watch. That was the last seen of him alive. The family did not become alarmed until after night, and then prosecuted their search quietly until Friday, when notice was given to the police. A trail of blood was discovered opposite the doctor's stable on Grant, and being followed, was traced to Park avenue, thence south two or three squares to the junction of Cypress street and Francis Lane, where, on the grass, was quite a pool of blood.

It was here in a manhole of the sewer that the body was found on July 27.

It was wrapped in a horse blanket, or rather sewed up, on that it was drawn out by means of a rope fastened around it by a man who had been lowered for that purpose.

The body had been doubled up compactly as if for convenience in carrying, and it is apparent that the trail of blood was that which trickled from his wounds as his murderer carried him to the place where he thought to conceal forever the trace of his crime, for he hoped the water would carry the body into the river.

It was found that the doctor's gold watch and his money were gone.

This must have been the motive for the murder, as the doctor had not an enemy in the world.

The police are already making arrests, among them being Chas. Bligh, the colored hostler, who had been with Col. Jones about two months.

There was but a single wound. It was upon the back part of the head and slightly on the right side, as if the blow had been given from behind. The theory now prevalent is that the murderer was Charles Bligh, the colored servant, and that after committing the crime, he hid the body until night, and then putting it into a grain sack he carried to its place of concealment. Bligh was at the house all day yes

WASHINGTON NEWS.

TO MAKE IT THOROUGH.

The Eleventh Census to be the Most Valuable Ever Taken.

Frank Williams the expert in charge of the work of collecting statistics for the eleventh census, has returned from a trip through the manufacturing centers of the East. During his absence he consulted with leading manufacturers, political economists and representatives of labor organizations relative to the scope of the inquiry to be made.

He will now prepare a schedule for the recording of the statistics in this subject. Before this schedule is finally adopted, however, Superintendent Porter will send copies to free trade professors and others interested in the subject, inviting their criticisms and suggestions.

By this method Mr. Porter hopes to be able to make the inquiry on this subject not only comprehensive and complete, but free from the suspicions that it is being conducted in the interests of any theory or any class.

Mr. Porter will also appoint Charles W. Smiley and J. W. Collins, of the U. S. fish commission, as experts to assist in the collection of fishery statistics. He has designated John S. Lord, of Illinois; Fred W. Kraus, of New York, and C. K. Holmes, of Massachusetts, to make tests in their respective localities with the view of ascertaining the best method of collecting the statistics of recorded indebtedness.

The difficulties in the way of obtaining reliable data on this subject are so great that Mr. Porter says he will not undertake it at all unless he can see his way clear to reaching some satisfactory results. These gentlemen will see what can be done in a small district, such as a county, and in case they are unable to report upon an effective plan Mr. Porter will ask the repeal of that portion of the law which makes the collecting of these statistics mandatory upon the superintendent of the census.

In the collection of statistics of mortality, Mr. Porter intends to establish a new system. Instead of following the principal division of cities into wards he has instructed his agents to have all the principal cities divided into districts in such a way that the different classes of the population will be brought into separate districts, as for example, the tenement house population can be included in one district and the statistics will show the death rate pervading these and will bring out in a clearer way than under the old system the effect upon the health of this method of living. R. R. Carroll, the editor of the New York *Independent*, will have charge of the work of collecting religious statistics.

PENSION AFFAIRS.

The Investigation Committee at Work Examining the Re-Ratings.

The committee appointed by Secretary Noble to investigate and report upon the matter of rerating pensions in the Pension Bureau during the last year, are busily engaged in examining cases.

It was stated at the pension office that in the event of the committee discovering that reratings have been made in violation of law, the facts can be reported to the commissioner, and the law points out the course he is to pursue.

The pension agents are given 60 days in which to show cause why their increased pensions were not illegally granted. If they fail to respond then the commissioner can have their pension certificates recalled and the amount adjusted to its legal amount.

He can demand that the back pension, if any, shall be returned, and he has full authority to collect it as he would any other form of indebtedness. A statement is being prepared at the Pension office showing the number of cases that have been made special for any cause during the four months of Mr. Tanner's administration. It is stated by the pension officials that these special cases number less than 1,000.

Pension Circulars.

A well known pension firm with headquarters in Chicago and New York, recently prepared and sent out to pension claimants a circular printed on pink tinted paper with the following heading in prominent letters:

"Corporal Tanner's Policy." It contains among other things statements said to have been made by Commissioner Tanner to newspaper correspondents in which he expresses his opposition to the policy of paying small pensions like $2, $3 and $4 per month. A copy of this circular got into the hands of the pension officials the other day and the letter in which it was written to the firm requesting it to desist from further sending out the circular, as it has not been submitted to the pension office for its approval, as the practice of the office provides shall be done.

DUTY ON WOOL.

Rulings of the Treasury Department on an Important Subject.

The Treasury department on July 25 decided an interesting question in regard to the classification of so-called garnetted wool waste. The question arose on an appeal by J. Wilde & Co., from the decision of the collector of customs at New York, assessing duty at 30 cents per pound on a recent importation of that merchandise, which they claimed to be dutiable at the rate of 10 cents per pound.

It appears from the special report of the United States appraiser that the merchandise consists of so-called woolen waste, which has been garnetted or put through some process by which it is practically restored to the condition of unmanufactured scoured wool of the first class.

In a letter to the collector, Acting Secretary Batchelder says that the question as to the classification of merchandise of this character was decided by the department on October 26, 1887, and it was then, as it was on July 13, 1887, held that woolen waste which may have been broken up and put through the garnetting machine whereby it becomes practically scoured wool, was dutiable at the rate prescribed for scoured wool, that is to say, when of the first class and costing under 30 cents per pound in the unwashed condition, at a duty of 30 cents per pound as assessed by you. The collector's decision in the case in question is therefore affirmed.

The appraising officers recently in conference in New York, considered the general question as to the proper classification of so-called garnetted, carbonated, and other similar wool wastes, and have reported to the treasury department that in their opinion any process of manufacture whereby the value and character of a refuse article, such as waste of wool have been changed or enhanced, and the identity as a waste or worthless substance destroyed, so that in fact it becomes scoured wool, it no longer belongs to the category of waste but should be classified as scoured.

Chinese in Transit.

The attorney general has given the secretary of the treasury an opinion to the effect that there is no legal objection to the transit through United States territory of the Chinamen recently arrived at New Orleans from Cuba en route to China via San Francisco.

The Chinese minister has asked that these men be permitted to cross the United States on their way home, and it is probable the attorney-general will grant the request. This opinion is in accord with an opinion by Solicitor Ingham on the same question some weeks ago, which was not, however, accepted by the Treasury department.

Irrigation.

The sub committee on irrigation auxiliary to the United States Senate committee, has visited Garden City, Kansas and made an investigation of the irrigation system now in use there, and also listened to a new theory of irrigation, the so-called under-drainage. Believers in the new plan say that there is an inexhaustible supply of water in the lower strata of sands in Western Kansas, which their system can bring to the surface. The sub-committee will visit the irrigatible portion of Nebraska.

Clark Declines.

Emmons Clark, ex-colonel of the Seventh regiment, New York National Guard, has declined the appointment as consul to Havre, recently made. In his letter to Acting Secretary Wharton, Col. Clark says that he had fully intended to accept, but that since the appointment was made, his friends, and especially his physician, had made such representations to him that he felt constrained to decline.

Not Satisfied.

It is said that the civil service commission is not satisfied with the present administration of the civil service law in the pension office. Commissioner Roosevelt, it is understood, will make a remonstrance against the course that has been pursued.

SENT THEM HOME.

The United States Has Enough Tin Smiths Without Letting in Contract Laborers.

Emerich Hasse, Paul Beljik, Joseph Beljik and John Andrusik, four tin smiths, who arrived at New York last week from Germany, under contract to work for a Milwaukee tinner, were on July 24, sent back on the steamer Trave.

Cheap English Wool.

Within the last few days, at the suggestion of Mr. Leach, surveyor of the port of Philadelphia, the Pittsburg appraisers have decided to admit English wool at 10 cents a pound instead of 30 or 60 cents, according to classification, as heretofore. This, of course, will make English wool cheaper than the American article, and there is a fear that the wool industry hereabouts will be ruined.

Had No Foundation.

In response to his telegram respecting the case of Mrs. Heron, represented to be under sentence of death in Corea for preaching the doctrines of Christianity, Hon. W. F. Wharton, acting secretary of State, on July 25, received a cablegram from Minister Dinsmore saying that the report was wholly without foundation.

Chinese in Transit.

The treasury department has acquiesced in the opinion of the attorney general that Chinese can pass through United States territory in transit to foreign ports, and the practice of the department which has been exactly the reverse, will be modified accordingly.

$700,000 Vessel.

The contract with the Union Iron works, of San Francisco, for the construction of a coast defense vessel was signed on July 26 by Secretary Tracy. The contract price is $700,000.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AT HIGH NOON.

Princess Louise and the Earl of Fife, United in Marriage.

Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise Victoria Alexandria Dagmar, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, was married at noon on July 27 to Alexander William George, Earl of Fife, Knight of the Thistle. The weather was unpropitious as a rain was falling. The ceremony took place in the private chapel of Buckingham palace.

This was the first marriage that ever took place in the chapel, which is small, and the number of guests was therefore limited. The bride and groom arrived privately. The princess of Wales, the crown prince of Denmark, the king of Greece, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, of Wales, assembled in the Bow library of Buckingham palace at 11:45 o'clock and there awaited the arrival of the queen from her private apartments.

DECLINE OF BOULANGISM.

The Aggressive General's Day Has Come at Last.

The Boulangists are depressed by the result of the elections on the 28th. They expected to carry one hundred cantons. The Bonapartists have gained fifteen seats.

Returns from the elections for counsellor general had been received from 813 cantons, up to noon of July 29. In these cantons, 468 Republican candidates, 245 Conservatives, and 11 Boulangists were elected. In 89 cantons a second ballot will be necessary. The government is jubilant over it.

The results were known in 1,200 cantons at 3 p. m., July 29. Gen. Boulanger has been elected in only twelve. The conservatives have gained twenty seats. M. Wilson, son-in-law of ex-President Grevy, and M. Le Herisse, the well known Boulangist, are defeated.

FROM HONOLULU.

The King's Finances not so bad as Reported—To Sail for Paris.

J. T. Waterhouse, jr., one of the wealthy merchants of Honolulu and a member of the privy council, arrived in Chicago on July 25. He says the stories regarding the low state of the King's finances are extremely exaggerated. "The King intends to start for the Paris exposition in a few weeks," said he. "He possessed money enough to sail some weeks ago, but he decided to wait a few months and take a larger amount with him. His income is about $30,000 a year besides the crown lands. Of the large debt contracted at the time of the trouble, he has paid over 40 per cent. Now he does not owe over $120,000. The islands were never in better shape financially to-day. The planters expected to receive 5 cents a pound for sugar this year, and they are getting 7 now."

Canada Makes a Strike of Considerable Importance.

Maj. A. P. Patrick, Dominion land surveyor of Calgarry, writes from the summit of Crow's Nest Pass, Rocky Mountains, July 13. In his letter he says that he and a fellow surveyor had been prospecting for eleven weeks in the Rocky Mountains for coal oil deposits, and that they had struck one of the richest deposits ever found.

Samples showed 91 per cent lubricating oil, 5 per cent heavy oil, and the remainder water and other substances. This is declared to be the best oil ever discovered. Mr. Patrick has had registered in his own name 40 acres of the east side of the summit and 500 acres in British Columbia. As it is 5,400 feet above the sea level the crude oil can be run off any distance.

Want Some Backing.

Application is being made to the Dominion government to guarantee bonds of the Canadian Cable company to the extent of half a million dollars. The total capital required is $1,000,000. Dobell, of Quebec, has already secured $350,000 of this in England by private subscription, and will return there shortly to raise this sum to half a million. Then, with the Dominion guarantee, he will place the million dollars in the hands of financial agents and invite subscriptions for the balance of $700,000, which, it is thought, will be easily taken up.

A construction company has been organized in England to lay the cable. It will be the shortest ocean cable of any. Entering the water at West Port, Ireland, it will run to Greenly Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of only 1,000 miles.

Gladstone's Golden Wedding.

July 25 was the golden wedding day of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The Queen telegraphed a congratulatory message to the distinguished couple, and the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family sent letters to them. Mr. Gladstone rose early and attended morning service. The family took breakfast together at the James street residence of Mr. Gladstone. There was an immense number of callers during the day.

The Pope and His Residence.

The London *Standard's* correspondent at Rome says: I am authorized to state that the principal reason for convening the recent secret consistory was the fact that the French government had advised the pope to quit Rome, and had offered him an asylum in France. The pope told the cardinals that he had refused the offer because he would not cause France to declare war against Italy for his sake, he being personally well disposed toward Italy.

Royal Grants Will Go.

In the House of Commons, July 30, the royal grants bill passed its first reading without a division. The result of the voting on the bill was greeted with cheers by its supporters.

Against Chinese.

The press of the city of Mexico is attacking the Chinese immigration scheme. The reports that negroes are receiving concessions for immigrating to Mexico are false.

No Proposition Made.

Mr. E. M. Hewins, president of the Cherokee strip live stock association, was interviewed at Kansas City July 26, on the matter of his company's alleged offer to the Cherokee nation to extend the company's leases over the strip for ten years beyond the termination. He stated that the association had made no such proposition to the Indians, and he was at a loss to understand how the report had ever originated.

Recent Deaths.

On July 25, in Washington, D. C., Rev. Father Curley, aged 94; in Flushing, N. Y., Edward E. Mitchell, the first business partner of A. T. Stewart, aged 81; Captain Thomas Quigley, the commander of the Canadian cruiser Terror; in Woodstock, Vt., 26th inst., Justin F. McKenzie, aged 73; in Waterville, N. Y., Charlemagne Tower, who made his millions in the iron business, aged 81.

THE NEW STATES.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Lively Times in the Convention Almost Every Day.

Prohibition petitions are beginning to pour in, and it is evident that the workers have not given up all hope of having a prohibition clause embodied in the constitution. The delegates from Cavalier county received a numerously signed petition praying for a prohibitory clause.

The proposition to vest the legislative powers in a single body, was again discussed in committee of the Whole, and furnished a field day for the orators, Judge Carland leading the opposition. He denied the question is a new one, and cited the fact that a number of states had, in their early history, adopted the single body and it proved a failure. He also reminded the convention that the national legislative power was at one time vested in a single body, and that it had proven a failure. He denied the claim of Mr. Stevens, that if the single body plan were adopted North Dakota would be the North star of the Republic to which all other states would look with admiration, but believed that it would come nearer changing the boundary of the Union so that when the traveler passed beyond the northern boundary of South Dakota he would feel that he was in the province of Manitoba, under the control of her imperial majesty.

Judge Carland was answered by Mr. Johnson, of Dakota, who made a brilliant historical address, and Mr. Lauder, of Richland, who surprised the convention which had classed him as opposed to the single body. The proposition was defeated and the convention will now make an apportionment for two houses.

The judiciary committee completed its labors on July 25, and reported to the convention. The committee recommends that a supreme court of three judges be established; that there be six judicial districts with as many judges, and that the present system of justices of the peace be retained. The committee sits down on the proposed plan of the establishment of county courts, and this it is believed, will draw considerable fire from the convention, as a minority report on this question will be submitted.

The question of whether the Supreme court will hold all its sessions at the capital or give one session each to Bismarck, Fargo and Grand Forks has been settled by the committee in favor of holding all terms at the capital. The terms of the judges of the Supreme court shall be six years, any vacancy by death or otherwise to be filled by appointment by the governor, to serve until the next general election. No person shall be eligible to the office of Supreme judge who is not a citizen of the United States, 30 years of age and a citizen of the State at least five years; to be eligible to the judgeship of the District court, the candidate must be 25 years of age and a resident of the state two years prior to the day of election.

The Scandinavian temperance society of North Dakota has petitioned the convention on behalf of the Scandinavian inhabitants to prohibit the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors in the state.

The article regarding the organization of counties and townships came up for consideration, but it was recommitted to the standing committee. This is considered a victory for those who are opposed to loading down the constitution with such matters as the location of county seats, which should be left to the legislature.

The consideration of the complete constitution introduced by Williams, of Burleigh, has been postponed until after the committees have all reported. The convention adjourned without debating a question or introducing new matter.

The committee on temperance reported on July 26 in favor of the submission of the prohibition question to a vote of the people, at the same time the constitution is submitted. After a lively tilt in committee of the whole, the report of the committee was adopted.

The committee on school lands has reported its proposed article. It provides that the proceeds from the sale of school lands shall be a trust fund, the principal of which shall forever remain inviolate, and may be increased but never diminished; the state to make good all losses thereon. The interest income shall be used for schools. After one year from the assembling of the first legislature, the lands may be disposed of as follows: No more than one-fourth of the lands shall be sold within five years; one-half within ten, and the remainder in ten years. The remainder may be sold as soon as saleable at not less than $10 per year.

The legislative committee provides that the Senate shall consist of not less than thirty nor more than fifty members, and that the House shall have not less than sixty nor more than 140; the senators to be divided into two classes, to be elected for two and four years respectively. It provides that the trading of votes among members shall be considered bribery. The session shall not exceed 90 days, for which the compensation shall be $300, and the mileage ten cents. No act shall take effect until 60 days after adjournment. In nearly all respects the proposed article is in harmony with the Dakota code of the simplest constitution introduced by Williams.

The committee on Education prohibits sectarianism in the schools, and leaves to the legislature the establishment of a uniform system.

The committee on executive provides that the governor shall hold his office for two years, or until his successor is qualified. No person is eligible to be governor or lieutenant governor who is not 30 years old, a resident of the United States and resident of the state at least two years.

The governor's salary shall be $3,000 per year; lieutenant governor, $1,000; secretary of state, auditor, treasurer and superintendent of public instruction, commissioner of schools and public lands, commissioner of insurance, commissioners of railroads and attorney general shall each receive an annual salary of $2,000.

The suffrage committee introduces an article providing that all male citizens, etc., may vote, and submitting the question of female suffrage to a vote of the male electors one year from next fall. The proposed articles are all the result of consideration on these subjects, and will nearly all be incorporated in the constitution, in whole or in part.

IDAHO.

What the Constitutional Convention Has Been Doing.

The citizens of Washington county presented a petition to the constitutional convention against the monopoly of the irrigation canal. A syndicate of capitalists offer to discount the per diem mileage certificates, provided the members remain and finish the constitution, but refuse any advance because of the threats of withdrawing.

The proposition to submit the Bible in the public schools provoked hot discussion, but was disposed of by an amendment forbidding any religious sectarian books or papers in the schools. School lands are to be sold at auction, for not less than $10 per acre.

The time of the Idaho convention on July 25, was mostly occupied considering propositions relating to taxation. It was decided that compulsory education may be enforced to a certain limit. The legislature was authorized to regulate charges of railroad and express companies. A section prohibiting railroad pooling was stricken out. A proposition against free passes to state officers was voted down.

The convention wrangled all day on July 26 over the sections on elections and rights of suffrage. There were two reports, the majority by the Republicans and the minority by the Democrats. The two sides discussed the positions of themselves and their parties with great earnestness, at times threatening to break up in confusion. Finally they agreed upon certain amendments, adopting the majority report almost entire.

All agreed it was necessary to cut off Mormons from the right to vote, hold office or act on juries. The report provides a secret ballot and prevents any one voting who practices polygamy, plural or celestial marriage, or belongs to any association teaching or practicing these crimes. It gives the legislature the power to enact laws prescribing limitation and restrictions for voters. It will be adopted with but little change by the convention.

The Idaho convention, on July 30, dodged the temperance question by adopting a section saying the first concern of all good government is the virtue of the people and purity of the homes, and that the legislature should further all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality; established a commissioner of immigration, statistician of labor, made eight hours a day on public works, and shut off convict labor outside prison grounds.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Hard Work and Lively Discussion Over the Organic Law.

The greater part of the session on July 23 was devoted to the consideration of the reports of standing committees that had been made a special order.

A notable feature of the proceedings was the presentation of a communication from the American Sabbath Union, signed by Elliott T. Shepard, Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, J. H. Knowles and Wilbur F. Crafts, asking the convention to insert in the constitution a provision protecting and encouraging Sabbath observance. The communication was referred to a special committee of five, including three reverend delegates.

The committee on legislative apportionment has made some progress. They reached an agreement to-day as to senatorial apportionment, by which the number of districts is fixed at 41 and the number of senators at 45, the latter number being the limit as provided in the constitution. This agreement is practically in accord with the apportionment agreed upon some time ago, being one senator for every 1,800 voters, or major fraction thereof. The report of the committee is not a unanimous one, the vote standing thirteen to nine in its favor. The minority object that the number of senators is too great for the present population, and further that counties having a voting population of 2,000 and over get but one senator, while other counties having 1,100 or 1,200 voters are equally represented.

The consideration of the report of the judiciary committee was the work of July 25. The report provided for eight judicial districts, the form of which is compact as could be desired, and with due consideration to railroad facilities.

A minority report aimed to place Beadle, Spink and Brown counties each in separate districts, though not exactly of a silos spring nature. The minority was finally adopted.

The South Dakota legislature will consist of 45 senators and 123 representatives. There will be 43 senatorial and 50 representative districts.

The report of the committee on legislative apportionment was adopted without discussion by the convention. Concessions were made to those districts not entirely satisfied with Senatorial apportionment by giving them additional representation in the Lower House. The committee on school lands had so amended the Sioux Falls constitution as to make lands granted for school purposes embrace fifty thousand acres granted for the state capitol fund, and tying up said grant so it could not be sold, subject to same restrictions placed upon the sale of school lands.

The convention finally amended the report as to make it conform to the Sioux Falls constitution. The special committee of five on communication from the American Sabbath union, reported that the convention has no power to amend the constitution by inserting the provision referred to in the communication.

MONTANA.

The Daily Grind of Constitution-Making Going On.

In the convention Mr. Hersfield, chairman of the committee on miscellaneous subjects, to whom was referred the proposition relating to gambling, reported the same back, having resolved that it was for the legislative power to act; also a resolution relating to free passes. A substitute for it will be introduced at some future day.

The labor question came up again and the section relating to convict labor caused further discussion. It was finally rejected.

On July 25 the Judiciary committee reported as follows: The enabling act of Congress provides for a general election, to be held before the admission, to fill all offices of the state and county provided for by the constitution; that such provision is not mandatory, that the convention has the right and power in its discretion to provide that all or any state officers and county officers provided for by the constitution be elected at such time and for such terms as may be prescribed, or to provide that any district or county officers now holding offices under the laws of the territory may continue in office under the constitution until such time as may be prescribed. The committee are of the opinion that the whole matter is within the power of the convention to regulate town and county organizations.

The discussion of the suffrage bill in the Montana convention brought out a heated debate. Hartmann offered an amendment that voters must be able to read and write the English language. Burleigh and McGinnis made argument against the measure. After further spirited discussion a vote was taken and only eleven voted for the amendment. Woman suffrage question came up next. Finally, at 6 o'clock, a vote was taken on the proposition that the legislature may submit universal suffrage to the popular vote once in four years. It was defeated, and the convention adjourned until tomorrow.

On July 30, the convention took up for consideration the bill on executive departments. The question arose whether salaries should be fixed in the constitution or it be made the power of legislature to fix officers' compensation.

The motion was carried leaving it to the legislature for adjustment as the occasion demands. The salaries, as specified were, for governor, $5,000; secretary, auditor, attorney general and treasurer, each $3,000 yearly.

An official's salary is not to be increased during his term of office.

WASHINGTON.

The Convention Getting Along Well with Its Work.

The committee on Executive and Pardoning reported on July 24 among other things a proviso that the governor shall be ineligible for the office of Senator. Other provisions of the article on the executive are creating the offices of governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, auditor, treasurer, commissioner of public lands. Governor and lieutenant-governor will hold office for four years, others for two. The returns of the election for governor and lieutenant-governor are opened before the joint session of the legislature; if two candidates have the same vote, the legislature elects. The governor must send in an annual message, has veto power, can fill all offices not elective. He can veto any item or bill without killing the whole bill. Governor and lieutenant governor must be 35 years of age, and must have resided two years in the state. The report was read and ordered printed.

On July 25 a telegram was received from President Shepard, of the American Sabbath union, asking insertion of a clause in the constitution protecting and encouraging Sabbath observance. It was referred to a committee, where it will likely be buried.

In the miscellaneous reports was one favoring a prohibition clause in the constitution, and another opposing it. The latter was adopted. A large number of memorials were received, expressed themselves in favor of separate submission of the prohibition question to the people the same time the constitution was submitted.

On July 26, a large portion of the report on executive and pardoning power was adopted. The committee on indebtedness reported an article limiting state debt to $100,000, except in case of war or for some specific object, with the consent of the people at election.

Counties, cities, towns or school districts must not exceed one per cent indebtedness assessed value property without the assent of three-fifths of the voters. Subsidies not to exceed four per cent assessed value are allowed for all railroads and other objects. The committee on bill of rights also reported. An article abolishes grand juries, except by special call of court. The appropriations of public moneys to religious bodies for any purpose is forbidden.

The convention spent July 30 discussing a proposition to put the name of the Diety into the preamble to the constitution. The preamble, as reported, reads: "We, the people of the state of Washington, to reserve our rights, do ordain this constitution."

Mr. Turner wanted inserted: "Profoundly grateful to Almighty God and invoking His favor and guidance," etc.

It was opposed by several speakers as being unnecessary. Each of them professed the greatest reverence for God, but some feared it might be construed to mean the union of the church and the state.

Mr. Sullivan, of Whitman, caused a sensation by declaring that, although he was a good church member himself, he believed it all buncombe, insincere, and done for political effect.

Debate was very heated and the preamble was finally referred back to the committee to report a new one. The remainder of the article passed with little discussion.

The Subscriptions to the Salt Combine Did Not Come In Fast Enough.

The directors of the North American Salt company authorized the publication of the following on July 27: "While the subscriptions have been very numerous and in the aggregate large, the trustees feel that they are not justified in proceeding to an allotment of shares on the present basis without further conference with subscribers and venders.

"This, on account of subscribers being on both sides of the Atlantic, and the venders widely separated, will take time, and it has been decided to return subscriptions and postpone further action until these negotiations can be completed."

GENERAL NEWS.

SUNDAY IN CINCINNATI.

The Saloon Men Aided by the Hoodlum Element.

Sunday, July 29, was a regular field day between the saloonkeepers and the police in Cincinnati. Of the 212 saloonists who met at Turner Hall last week, all, with the exception of about 40, tried to keep open. In consequence there were about 150 arrests. The police had orders to rearrest all who attempted to re-open after bail was given, but there were not more than 30 cases of this kind. By far the greater part of the saloons were, to all appearances, closed.

In the suburbs there was comparatively little trouble, as the police had warned the saloonists on Saturday night not to keep open. Most of the arrests were made down town and over the Rhine, where two or three riots took place. At Fifteenth and Vine streets, about 4 o'clock, the police undertook to arrest a man for disorderly conduct. A crowd of 1,500, composed chiefly of hoodlums that infest that neighborhood, quickly gathered, and the cry of "mob the police" was raised. The mob set upon the police with clubs and fists, and one policeman was badly beaten, his scalp being cut, but he was not seriously injured. About a dozen policemen kept the crowd back with their clubs, while an officer arrested the man.

On the corner of Walnut and Twelfth streets, at Warflinger's saloon, an unsuccessful attempt to resist the police was made. This saloon has always been considered a rendezvous for anarchists and socialists, and is looked on as a dangerous place.

Throughout the city the work of the police was admirable. The entire force of the city was on duty. Most of these, however, were held in reserve at the various houses, in case of an outbreak.

The question of whether the Sunday closing law is to be obeyed or not is becoming one of universal interest. People are taking one side or the other, but to the credit of the city be it said that the great majority, even among the saloonkeepers, is in favor of a strict enforcement of the law, and the greatest indignation exists on account of the riotous proceeding of the hoodlums.

More saloons were closed Sunday than on any previous Sunday since the attempt was first made to enforce the law. Kissel's and two other theaters by concert halls had the lights turned on, but the front part was closed, and there were no concerts anywhere in the city.

The cases of the saloonkeepers who were arrested for violating the Owen law, were called in the Police court on Monday, and bonds were given for appearance for trial. Most of them were not set for any specially date. In the case of Warflinger and one or two others who have been specially defiant in their conduct, early trial will be given.

The saloonkeepers' mass meeting which resolved to defy the law Sunday, also resolved that those who should be arrested, should march to jail Monday morning and march to the police court with music. That resolution was not carried out. The men went to the court without procession or music.

IN KANSAS CITY.

Sunday Law Openly Violated by the Numerous Resorts Outside the City.

The police Commissioners of Kansas City are finding it very difficult to enforce the Sunday law. Arrests were first made under an old city ordinance, but it was found to be unconstitutional. Then a later city ordinance was tried, but the Police Judge Boland, who has jurisdiction over such cases, made the penalty merely nominal. On July 21, arrests were made under the Downing law, which was intended to be very severe. It fixes the penalty at revocation of the license and a fine as any amount not exceeding $500.

But the judge of the Circuit court is the only authority who can revoke a license under that law, and another state law makes it necessary that all cases where the prisoner has been arrested by the municipal police, be taken to the city Police judge, who, that he might have jurisdiction over state cases, was made justice of the peace ex-officio. But Police Judge Boland cannot make a license under the Downing law, and he saw fit to place the fines as low as $1 and costs. The police commissioners were at a loss to know what to do, and after they had found three laws ineffective, until they stumbled upon a city ordinance which is exactly like the Downing law, with the exception that it gives the Police judge the power, and makes it obligatory upon him to revoke the license when the accused is found guilty.

Word was given out Saturday night that arrests would be made Sunday under the latter ordinance. The severe penalty prescribed in the ordinance had its effect, and there were but few who cared to take the chances of being obliged to suffer it. The down town saloons were all closed. In the outlying precincts the police found seven who disregarded the law and arrested them. The parks and resorts just out of the city limits did a thriving business. They were about the only places where any beverage could be bought, more stimulating than temperance drinks, and it was there that thousands went to indulge their appetites.

OHIO THIRD PARTYITES.

Platform Adopted and a State Ticket Nominated.

The Ohio Prohibition convention at Zanesville, O., on July 26, made the temporary organization permanent, with Rev. Dr. C. L. Work, of Portsmouth, for chairman. The committee on credentials reported 444 delegates present.

The platform adopted begins by acknowledging God as the source of all power and authority in human government. It proceeds to declare in favor of the suppression of the liquor traffic from a belief that the traffic criminal in its nature is declared to be contrary to fundamental principles of right. The platform also favors woman suffrage and declares in favor of enforcement of Sabbath laws.

Rev. J. B. Helwig, of Springfield, was nominated for governor on the first ballot. L. B. Hogan, of Stark county, was nominated for lieutenant-governor by acclamation; for supreme judge, Gideon T. Stewart, of Norwalk; for Treasurer, D. N. Trowbridge, of Toledo; for attorney general, E. J. Finney, of Ashtabula.

Murphy on Prohibition.

Francis A. Murphy, when asked in Chicago, on July 27, what he thought of the prohibition movement, which he has always opposed, said: "The prohibition cake is dough. I knew it would prove so, and hope they are beginning to find out you can't legislate a man sober. Prohibition means free whisky, and that is all you can make of it. The idea of a prohibition law proving effectual in Chicago, for instance, is ridiculous. In a sparsely settled county, or in small towns, perhaps, it could be made so, but never in the centers of population."

A False Christ.

The negroes of Liberty county, Georgia., are in a state of excitement over the preachings of a man named Bell, a pseudo "Christ" who has been inciting the ignorant people of the county and telling them that he will lead them into their Promised Land of Canaan next month. Hundreds have left their farms and occupations to follow the false Christ. Bell was tried for lunacy and sent to an asylum this week. His successor, named James, began preaching and telling the people that human sacrifice was demanded. Several days ago, in a remote part of the county, a woman who was one of James's followers, slew a little child, her niece, cutting symbols on the head and body and then throwing the body in a ditch. The woman was arrested and is in jail. The white people fear the violence of the excited negroes, who are crazed with Bell's and James's teachings.

Remains of the Human Race.

A party of explorers, on July 26, unearthed a number of human skeletons buried in the chalk bluffs, ten miles east of Yankton, on the Nebraska side. Fifty skulls and 200 headless skeletons were found which physicians pronounce to be the remains of white people, children and adults. The indications are that they have been buried 40 or 50 years. Further researches will be made.

6,000 Dead.

According to the latest statistics, carefully compiled, the board of inquiry place the number of lives lost in the devastated district at Johnstown, Pa., at about 6,000. These figures may be changed some little in the near future, as it is possible that a few who are reported missing may have been absent on a visit when the compilation was made.

Rent Money Ready.

Treasurer Andy Sindler, of the Cherokee Strip Live Stock association, on July 27 notified Treasurer R. B. Ross, of the Cherokee Nation, that the $100,000 rental for the strip from July 1, 1889 to January 1, 1890, was in the bank at his disposal.

COMMANDER WARNER.

Talk About the G. A. R. Meeting—Work of the Sioux Commission.

Major Warner, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. and member of the Sioux commission, in speaking of the recent trouble between the Grand Army and the railroads with regard to rates to the National encampment, to be held at Milwaukee, he said the G. A. R. would go ahead with its encampment, and will treat the people of Milwaukee with the respect and consideration to which their generous preparation entitles them.

He added significantly: "We will settle with the railroads afterwards." He says that the Eastern people will suffer little by the refusal of the roads to give a special rate to the encampment, but it will be a hardship on the G. A. R. men of the West, where rates are high.

With regard to the prospect for the success of the commission now treating with the Sioux Indians for the opening of the reservation, Maj. Warner said that the result at Cheyenne is not satisfactory nor encouraging, and that he has little knowledge of the feeling of the Indians at Standing Rock, to which agency the commission is now en route.

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

Preparations Being Made for the Meeting in September.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the society of the Army of the Tennessee will be held at Cincinnati, September 25 and 26, Wednesday and Thursday. On Wednesday evening the oration will be given at the Music hall. On Thursday evening there will be a banquet at the Burnet house.

A local committee, of which Gen. Hickenlooper is chairman, has already begun making preparations. Gen. Sherman, the president of the society, will be present and preside at the meetings and at the banquet. By action of the society the wives and daughters of members are admitted to the banquet. It is expected the meeting will be an unusually large one.

AFTER MORMONS.

The People of Tennessee Driving Them Out.

Two hundred people in the 23d district, Wilson county, Tenn., have banded for the purpose of driving Mormon elders and converts from that county. The action has been taken on account of the conduct of the Mormons on a recent occasion. While the Rev. John Barrett, a Baptist preacher was holding services in Wetmore's schoolhouse, he was interrupted by some of the Mormon converts present who asked him several questions and then became insulting in their language.

Members of the congregation made a move to resent this interference, whereupon the Mormons jumped out of the window and dared them to come out and fight.

The justices of the peace subsequently prepared a big dinner and invited the community at large to come and hear Mr. Barrett preach and to give him protection. Every one expected that a fight would take place, but the Mormons stayed away.

The preacher called on the congregation to know how many would help to drive the Mormons out of the county.

In response to his invitation all the men in the congregation, about 200, gave him their names and promised to drive the Mormons out by whatever means would be necessary. The Mormons have been forbidden to travel on the roads and notified to leave the county or stop holding meetings.

CATTLE DYING.

Texas Fever Taking a Strong Hold in Kansas.

Cattlemen from the Indian territory report that Texas fever is playing havoc among the cattle in the territory. Over forty head were seen dead in one pasture alone, and in others numbers varying from seven to twenty-five. They also state that hundreds of cattle were dying in Oklahoma, and predicted that there would not be a living head of the cattle imported into that country from the states of Kansas and Nebraska in two months.

The fatality among cattle in Oklahoma is not caused so much by Texas fever as from the effect the more southern climate has on them. Reports from Guthrie, Oklahoma City and other points in the territory verify this statement.

Fire in the Mountains.

The forest fire, which has been raging near Glenwood Springs, Colo., for several days, was started over a week ago by some sportsmen in No Name Canon, whereby Mr. J. Brown, his family and a party of ladies narrowly escaped death—only escaping by wading through a creek for nearly two miles—and by which Mr. Brown lost two valuable horses.

The fire has now spread and covers an area of over ten square miles. The entire air in the western slope is filled with smoke from the burning mountains. Reports from Red Cliff, Leadville, Aspen and Newcastle report the sun completely obscured. The sight from Glenwood in the evening is magnificent, as the entire faces of No Name and Grizzly mountains are one mass of fire.

For two or three days the mountains near Gunnison, Colo., have been ablaze with burning timber. The fire was discovered Friday afternoon last at the head of Lost Gulch. To the north of the gulch the fire was seen raging along the top of a well timbered mountain. The air was dense with black smoke and on the following morning, as the sun rose, it looked like a ruby suttng in a dark sky. Yesterday afternoon the smoke was again seen from the Marshall Pass district, and it was later learned from passengers on the west bound train that the timber was afire below Shawnee. It is supposed to have been started from sparks from passing locomotives.

Failed to Come to Terms.

The negotiations of the English syndicate for the Indianapolis breweries have terminated in a failure to agree on terms. The syndicate's agents express a willingness to invest $7,000,000 in the Indianapolis breweries, but they must have all. One of the firms peremptorily refused to sell while the principal proprietor of another is now in Germany and can not be communicated with. The agents of the syndicate have abandoned efforts to purchase the property.

To Abolish Capital Punishment.

The New Hampshire House Judiciary committee is considering the advisability of reporting a bill abolishing capital punishment by recommendation of Attorney General Barnard, who argued before the committee that there exists quite a strong feeling in this state in favor of such a measure and personally recommended its adoption.

Big Seal Catches.

The schooner Wanderer arrived at Victoria, B. C., from Sand Point, on July 25 with the catches of several British sealing schooners, consisting in all of 5,320 skins. A syndicate of four sent the Wanderer to Sand Point for the purpose of securing a catch before entering Behring Sea. One catch of 21 British and American schooners at Sand Point amounted to 8,812 skins.

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